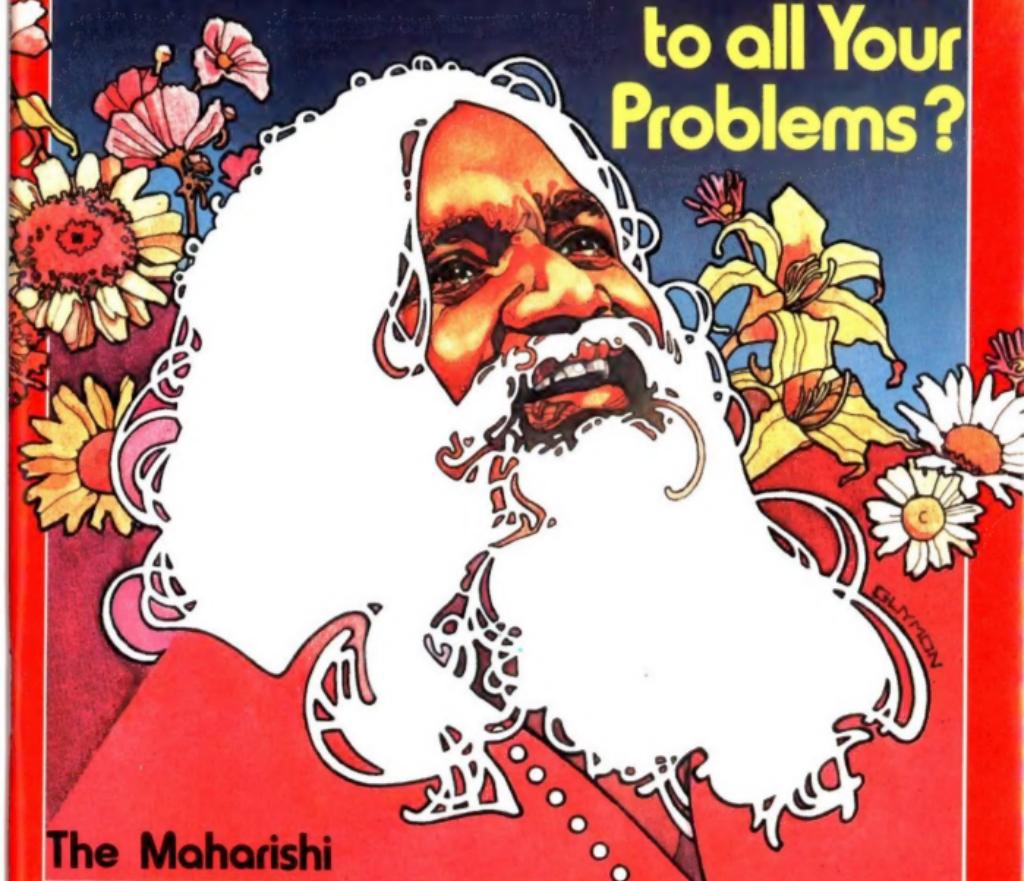


75 CENTS

OCTOBER 13, 1975

# TIME

## Meditation: The Answer to all Your Problems?



The Maharishi

# We built this Olds 98 for Walt Lecat, who expects the car he buys to make him feel like a king. Or better.

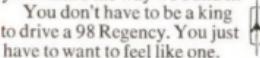
Walt worked hard to get where he is; he thinks he's entitled to a reward—even in the car he drives.

So he bought a 1976 Oldsmobile 98 Regency. The Regency has the room, the smooth ride, the

comfort, and the engineering quality Oldsmobile is famous for. And Walt got it for thousands of dollars less than he might pay for some other luxury cars.

Inside, Olds has gone all-out to make it luxurious. You can see it in the loose-cushion look of the plush velour seats. You can even see it in the quartz-crystal digital clock and the zippered pouch pockets. And you can feel it, too. It's a good feeling to have Olds 98 around you. That's the way we build it.

You don't have to be a king to drive a 98 Regency. You just have to want to feel like one.



98 REGENCY  
*Oldsmobile*  
Can we build one for you?



**"I just wish my first dishwasher had been a Maytag."**

**Mrs. Patricia Steeper**  
Claremont, California

1. "I had no choice the first time; a dishwasher came with the house. It was a good one, too—but this Maytag is something else."



2. "One morning I didn't get a chance to rinse the egg off the plates. When I got home that evening, it was really stuck on. I put the plates in my Maytag Dishwasher and they came out great!"



3. "My Maytag does such a fantastic job because the water sprays up from the bottom, down from the top, and to the sides...."



4. "Another thing I like, it's so easy to load and the capacity is huge."



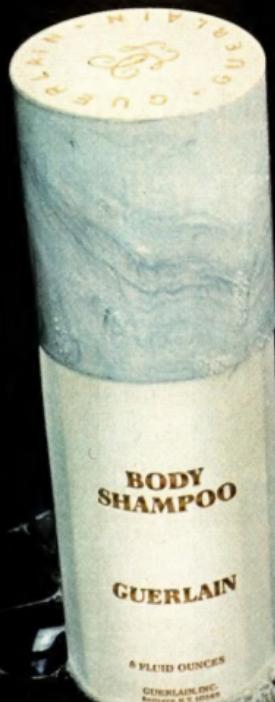
5. "I just wish my first dishwasher had been a Maytag."



**The one  
to buy in the  
first place.**

 **MAYTAG**  
**DISHWASHER**  
THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA 50201





Tonight, bathe in the Gardens of Guerlain.

Guerlain's new Body Shampoo. In three classic fragrances: Shalimar, Chamade, and l'Heure Bleue. For three classic purposes: it cleanses, softens, and scents your skin.

Ahh, the exquisite pleasure of bathing in a fragrance you really love.

What makes Canadian Club and V.O. good,  
makes O.F.C. better.



Time is what makes  
good, better.

That's why every drop  
of O.F.C. Prime Canadian  
Whisky is aged for a full  
eight years.

Canadian Club and V.O.  
are aged only six years.  
Check the labels.

But two years is more  
than just a difference you  
can read on a label. You  
can taste it in a glass.

So why settle for good,  
when there's better? Enjoy  
Bottled-in-Canada O.F.C.

**Canadian  
O.F.C.**  
It's two years better.



Aged 8 years

# You can't experience today's high fidelity with yesterday's record changer.

Most high fidelity manufacturers watch each other to find out what's new. At Pioneer, we keep our eye on the audio enthusiast to find out what he wants. That's what keeps us ahead of all the others who are watching all of the others.

If you look at the sale of record playing devices — and we have — you'll see that sales of manual turntables are increasing four times faster than the sale of record changers. The reasons are clear: Record changers were designed a generation ago — for another generation. Designed for hours of uninterrupted background music at cocktail parties.

Today, your needs are probably different. When you listen to music, you listen to music. You're involved with the sound — and with your equipment. And only a manual turntable can offer you this level of involvement.

It's part of Pioneer's responsibility to understand and anticipate your changing needs. As a result, we now offer you the most complete line of professional manual turntables available. Each one of them delivers the highest level of performance, the most sophisticated features and the greatest value in its price category. And all of them have the precision engineering and quality that are part

of the Pioneer legend.

When you buy your next record player, shop smart. Consider what you want — and what you need. If you need performance, precision and quality — and want the involvement that only a professional turntable can provide — you'll get a Pioneer.

It's as simple as that.

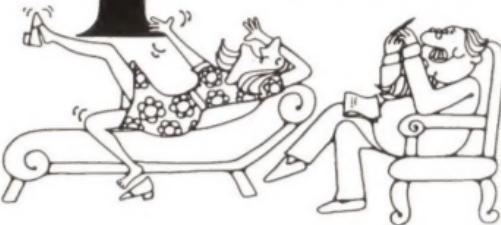
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,  
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,  
New Jersey 07074.  
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles  
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf,  
Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 /  
Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

**PIONEER**  
when you want something better



PL-71 Direct-Drive Turntable

# Is it sick to love a pen?



Not if it's a Pilot 49c fineline marker pen.

You see, it's no ordinary fiber-tipped pen. A sturdy plastic point surrounded by metal makes it absolutely unsquashable. This unique marker pen is so strong it can even write through carbon. And it has one of the finest writing lines you've ever seen. One that stays fine. From the first word to the last.

In fact, this 49c Pilot marker pen is

only one member of our extraordinary fineline marker family. Every one has a metal collar, writes as smooth as silk and won't flatten down.

So if Pilot pens make you lovesick, don't worry. Take two and give one to a friend.

Pilot Corporation of America, 41-15 36th St., Long Island City, New York, New York 11101.



**PILOT fineline marker pens.**  
*They'll never leave you flat.*



# Continental flies where the snow flies.



We'll show you money-saving ski vacation packages. Including comfortable condominiums (with linens and fireplaces) convenient to the lifts, your lift tickets, air fare, and meeting service at the airport. And, you can charge it all on the American Express Card.

Our short ski plan (5 days/4 nights) gives you flexibility, and you can leave home any day. Of course, you can stay longer, too.

We've even got options like nursery facilities during the day, and non-skier activities, to boot.

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We've got packages you've got to ski to believe.

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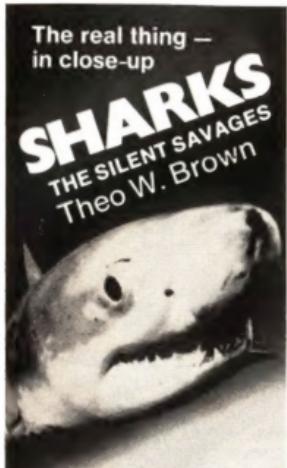
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Phone \_\_\_\_\_ My Travel Agent is \_\_\_\_\_

We really move our tail for you.

**CONTINENTAL AIRLINES**

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail.



How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spellbinding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*.

"Having seen a friend killed by sharks in an inlet in Sydney, Australia, marine researcher Brown seeks to avert similar tragedies by setting down what is known about the sea's 'silent savages.' . . . His descriptions of his experiments are vividly done. The photos are splendid."—*Publishers Weekly*

Illustrated, \$7.95.  
A Sports Illustrated Book.  
LITTLE, BROWN  
PUBLISHERS



## FORUM That Hated Stepchild, Busing

To the Editors:

TIME states [Sept. 22] that busing has run "against the deepest instincts of a clear majority of whites and quite a few blacks." "Instincts" is hardly an apt description of racism, a learned behavior. Busing may now be a "much hated stepchild" of school desegregation, but this stepchild may grow up to be the parent of a more equality-minded society.

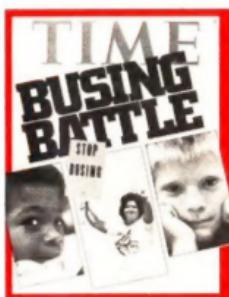
I think the goal is worth the effort.

Marilyn R. Palla  
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Forced busing, forced abstinence—forced anything is wrong!

Dan Parow  
Warren, Mich.

Suddenly eyes are being opened. The white parents of children being bused



to previously all-black schools are now faced with the poorer educational systems in our inner cities for their own children. Funny thing—the schools were just fine when all the young faces behind those desks were black.

Karen Holmes  
Garden City, N.Y.

We have been taught that if people are unhappy with a law, they can go to the ballot box and elect representatives who will change it. In the case of busing, this option is nonexistent. Federal judges, appointed for life and unaccountable to the voters, have nullified all efforts of our representatives to carry out the mandate of the people.

Charles A. Modernine  
Indianapolis

During the antiwar years, protesters were called subversives and Commies for speaking out against the Viet Nam War and turning the American flag upside down. Now those people who sup-

ported that illegal war (silent majority, etc.) are out protesting busing, burning buses, turning cars and the American flag over.

Mary Johnson  
Denver

The liberals in the country, by forcing busing down the throats of the white citizenry, are digging their own graves. They are radicalizing the law-abiding, ordinary Americans who have made this country work while the students, blacks and other loud-mouthed crybabies minorities have been protesting and rioting.

Dick Hill  
Seattle

The cure for cancer or the solution to the energy crisis might some day lie in the heads and hands of those black students whom we whites are anxious to deny a decent education.

Kathleen A. Moors  
Richard A. Moors  
Anaheim, Calif.

You fail to mention the rising level of violence in schools as the proportion of blacks increases. Unless the problem is faced, integration will continue to be an expensive failure.

Victor Jaeggli Jr.  
Bellaire, Texas

The antibusing demonstrators in Boston and Louisville are the victims of something much more dangerous than the threat of blacks or whites in their schools. That something is ignorance.

Emmett Charles Castello  
St. Paul, Minn.

## A President's Life

The attempts on President Ford's life [Sept. 29] underscore our ridiculous way of campaigning. Why must we use methods that were necessary 150 years ago, when the only way to reach people was to travel across the country and stop at every town?

Anne Munson  
Rochelle Park, N.J.

If our society could expedite its justice system to balance its award of instant notoriety with instant punishment to fit the crime, say within 30 days, there would be fewer victims to mourn.

Paul E. Reed  
Bethany, Conn.

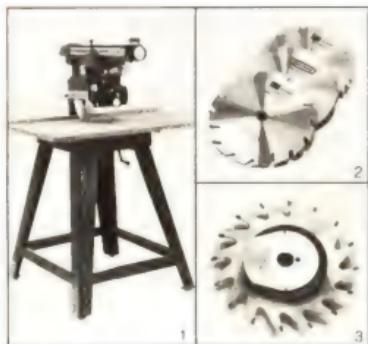
Being in prison, I can see the steady erosion of so-called "social misfits" into the more deadly "psychological cripples" and "psychopaths" your story focused on. Couldn't you have looked as



**Rip  
Crosscut  
Angle  
Miter  
Bevel  
Taper**

**and save \$80<sup>00</sup>  
on Sears best 10-inch radial saw.**

Reg \$319<sup>25</sup> Now \$239<sup>00</sup>



With this Craftsman radial saw and our complete line of accessories, purchased separately, you can do all these jobs and more.

The motor develops a full 2 1/2 HP, the blade tilts 45°, the arm swings right and left with automatic stops at 45°.

This is our best, most versatile 10" saw and it's on sale now at Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores in Chicago and suburbs.

1. Steel Legs (sold separately) #22211 Reg. \$27.99  
Now \$22.88.

2. 3 Blade Pack #32327 Reg. \$16.99 Now \$13.88

3. 16-Tooth Adjustable Dado #3263 Reg. \$39.99  
Now \$19.88

**SALE BEGINS OCT. 6, 1975 AND ENDS OCT. 15, 1975**

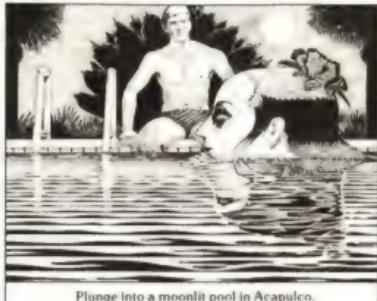
**Craftsman Radial Saw Full One Year Warranty**

Subject to inspection and approval. If within one year from date of purchase, this Craftsman radial saw fails due to faulty materials or workmanship, we will repair it free of charge.



Tools that have earned the right to wear the name.

## Four romantic things to do in Acapulco and Mexico City.



Plunge into a moonlit pool in Acapulco.



Watch fascinating Flamenco dancers in Mexico City.



See the sunrise over Acapulco Bay.



Listen to exciting mariachi bands in Mexico City's Plaza Garibaldi.

There are lots of romantic things to see and do in Acapulco and Mexico City. If only someone would tell you where to find them.

That's why if you're ready for a new experience or two, we have an excellent suggestion. See your travel agent first. He knows all the little romantic spots in Mexico. And has a wide range of special Braniff packages and tours. One of them is right for you.

**Mexico City Fling** — \$59.00\* 4 days in Mexico City, including hotels, sightseeing, tours and a party in a Mexican home. (IT5BN1MT10)

**Mexico City Go-Round** — \$195.00\* 6 days in Mexico City, including hotels, nightclubs, bullfights, Xochimilco, pyramids, Folklorico, sightseeing and even a chance to fight your own bull. (IT4BN1MT12)

**Acapulco Princess & Golf Club** — \$98.00\* A week at the spectacular Acapulco Princess, including deluxe room with private terrace, swimming, tennis, nightclubs, and tour of Princess Botanical Garden. (IT5BN1AC18)

**Acapulco, Taxco & Mexico City** — \$99.00\* Eight days: Three nights in Mexico City, one night in Taxco, three nights in Acapulco. Including hotels, night club, sightseeing and escorted transportation between Mexico City and Acapulco. (IT4BN1D0T8)

For information, call Braniff International. Or better yet, visit your travel agent today.

\*Price per person double occupancy, plus air fare and taxes.

Prices subject to change.

**BRANIFF. 39 flights weekly to Acapulco and Mexico City.**

# THE THIRD CIGARETTE

**A SWITCH  
YOU REALLY HAVE TO TRY**



If you've been experimenting with other brands, chances are you've bounced back and forth between two kinds of cigarettes.

The good tasting brands, which deliver flavor, but for most people taste a little harsh by the end of the day. And the so-called low 'tar' brands, which are also pretty low in taste. There is, however, something else worth exploring. Lark. The Third Cigarette. The best of both worlds.

You see, Lark is blended to give you as much flavor as any other brand.

But then our unique filtration system takes that full rich flavor and neatly smoothes out any rough tasting edges.

So you get all the flavor, all the satisfaction you want, without the harsh taste. From your first cigarette in the morning to your last one at night.

If this sounds like what you've been looking for, then try a pack. And your search may finally be over.



King Size  
and  
Extra Long

**Full rich flavor  
that never tastes rough.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 17 mg. "tar," 12 mg. nicotine. Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 13 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



# Buy at BayThorne, and we'll give you a vacation home in the Bahamas.

Now you can own two homes for the price of one by buying at BayThorne before January 1, 1976. An elegant garden home in the prestigious community of Flossmoor. And an equally elegant villa in the Bahamas on us for one week a year, every year. What's even better, you may choose between the Bahamas, Florida, or Arizona, each year.

And BayThorne itself is something you'll enjoy coming home to. A gatehouse welcomes you to the exclusive enclosed community, with its lush landscaping. And you'll have time to enjoy it, since all exterior maintenance is provided. Plus you'll be located in Chicago south side's refined community, Flossmoor, with its excellent educational and cultural advantages.

Luxury and convenience aside, even BayThorne residents need to get away from it all. So get ready

to enjoy your vacation retreat for a week every year. And a BayThorne home every year for a lifetime.

2 and 3 bedroom garden homes with 2½-3 baths. Attached 2-car garage and basement. Special opening prices start at \$68,500.

## BayThorne of Flossmoor

Models open 7 days from 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Phone: 957-1450. Take I-57 to Vollmer Road, East to Governor's Hy. Northwest to Kedzie Avenue.





# Swissair's "Bargain Zermatt Believe it or Not!" 1 week, \$586.

**Including** roundtrip airfare from Chicago via N.Y. to Geneva. 8 departures Jan. thru Mar.

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**Including** 7 "eat all you want" continental breakfasts.

**Including** transfers to and from the airport and the resort.

Yes, you can afford to ski Zermatt. If you do it with Swissair. Because Swissair has put together this unbelievably low-priced package that gives you a week of superlative skiing, in the resort that's a mecca for skiers from all over the world.

Nestled in the shadow of the Matterhorn, Zermatt has all the elegance and charm you expect in a European resort. Its car-less streets are filled with the shops, restaurants and nightclubs that make a ski vacation in Europe so totally unique.

And then there's the skiing. Miles and miles of it. 10,000 foot glacier slopes. Runs that you can take all the way down to the village itself. Even runs that can take you all the way down to Cervina in Italy.

Zermatt has skiing to challenge both intermediate and expert skiers. There are mile-wide

slopes as well as steeper runs. By the time you're through, names like Gornergrat, Schwarzsee, and Trockener Steg will occupy special places in your memory of ski runs.

Of course Swissair knows that different skiers have different needs. So if our "Bargain Zermatt Believe It or Not" package can't fit into your plans, Swissair has a variety of 1, 2, and 3 week packages to 30 different Alpine resorts in France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria.

For more information see your travel agent or Swissair at 106 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., (800) 221-4480. And find out how Swissair has made sure that this year you can afford to ski where you've always wanted to ski.

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Price based on 7/8 Day G.I.T. airfare and subject to change.

TCH110-13

## FORUM

deeply on the social side as you did the personal side for the reasons and ramifications that led to the attempts on President's life?

Thomas Lahikai  
Marquette, MI

Will it take another dead President to prove the point of those who favor gun-control legislation?

Kevin McCormick  
Fayetteville, NC

## CBS and Pravda

"Guns of Autumn" [Sept. 22] comes about as close to hunting as *Pravda* does to the ideals of journalism

John R. Fife  
Durham, NC

Those "machos" who get their kicks out of watching bears torn to pieces or enjoy blowing the brains out of deer in the Charlie Mansons of the wilderness

Ginger Anderson  
La Mesa, CA

I hope some day to find a publication or a legislator who will champion the cause of the white middle-income male who happens to like the company of the opposite sex, a strong national defense posture, internal governmental security, strict law enforcement and traditional mores, as well as hunting, fishing and other outdoor sports.

Daniel N. Weitz  
Leominster, MA

Any man who needs to reinforce manhood by slaughtering helpless animals is probably reinforcing what's never there.

Ron Barnes  
Limestone, TN

The truth of the matter is that thrill is the kill.

Jeffrey H. Freedman  
San Diego

I feel the National Rifle Association people are responsible for more than deaths of animals. These fine people have brought us a murder rate unmatched by civilized countries.

(The Rev.) Dennis R. Fawcett  
Kingman, KS

## Did Amnesty Fail?

An American Note is headlined "The Amnesty Failure" [Sept. 22]. You are wrong. Amnesty did not fail. Our narrow, shallow, unrealistic "clemency" program has "quietly fizzled." It deserved to fail. Now let's give amnesty a chance.

Alice Wall  
Deerfield, IL

Isn't it ironic that those highly principled young men who found it impossible to take part in an unjust war have

One beautiful number after another.

FM 94.1 WLAK

# Money can't buy the car-buying facts you'll learn in this free book.



Times are changing. This time you have different concerns. Inflation. Gas prices and mileage. The cost of maintenance.

Because of this, you have to know a lot before you buy a new car today. And Ford Motor Company wants you to know a lot.

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It's the 1976 edition of "Car Buying Made Easier." Millions have read and learned from previous editions. Because there's no consumer guide quite like it.

Part I is about cars in general—styles, engines, options—advantages as well as disadvantages. And these facts apply to any make of car you buy. For example, where else could you find the pros and cons of full-size, mid-size and small-size cars?

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You haven't read a better, more helpful book lately. Just fill out the coupon for your copy. It's free.

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...has a better idea.  
(we listen better)

# New! The Ultimate Cooking Center: Microwave. Self-cleaning. Smoothtop.



It's not just a better range; it's the ultimate. An exciting arrangement of all the most advanced features you've ever wanted in one complete cooking center. The Litton Micromatic<sup>®</sup> double-oven microwave range.

#### Microwave speed.

Cook a complete meal or a quick snack in the eye-level microwave oven. Or rely on automatic defrost to thaw frozen foods fast. Either way, you save time and energy with microwave speed.

#### Self-cleaning ease.

Save clean-up time, too. Litton Micromatics have a self-cleaning oven system that removes even the toughest baked-on stains. And a one-piece smoothtop that keeps spills from dripping away.



#### Cooks four ways.

So now there's always time for complete meals. Cook with microwave speed in the eye-level oven. Bake or broil in the conventional oven. Stir up something saucy on the smoothtop. Or prepare one dish or a complete meal using both ovens for a combination of conventional browning and microwave speed.



#### Completely convenient.

Everything about the Micromatic double-oven is designed for your convenience. Micro-logic<sup>®</sup> digital control. Automatic oven timer. Special Smooth-top heat control element. Safe-to-push-to-turn infinite heat controls. Black glass see-through oven doors. And closed door smokeless broiling.

#### It's another Litton first.

Litton changed microwave cooking with the first family-sized microwave oven, the Micro Broaster. Steak Grill.

And the first countertop oven with automatic defrost and Micro-logic<sup>®</sup> digital control.

Now we're changing America's cooking time-spirits with the Micromatic double-oven microwave range.

Is it time to make the change? Ask your local dealer for a demonstration of the ultimate, the Micromatic microwave range.

Or call us toll-free: 800-328-7777.

**LITTON**  
Microwave Cooking

AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF APPLIANCES

**Litton... changing  
the way America Cooks.**

## FORUM

no qualms about cheating on an agreement with their country—an agreement designed to facilitate their re-entry into American society—by jumping through the first loophole they can find?

David C. Healey  
Charlottesville, Va

### Skinning TIME

Your article "Skin Trouble" [Sept 22] failed to mention another up-and-coming skin mag—TIME.

You managed to break the boob barrier with a nude shot of "Squeaky" Fromme (of all people), and the next week's issue abounded with nipples and braless breasts. Not so much a complaint as an observation

Rick Gallion  
Pittsburg, Kans

### Fanne's Fine Grind

Apropos of your most recent report on Fanne Foxe [Sept. 22], I must say the goddess of Mr. Mills grinds slowly and exceeding fine

Glenn E. Van Vactor  
Fremont, Calif

I have been amazed at the number of Americans who have taken it upon themselves to judge a public servant for his activities in pursuit of happiness, rather than his capabilities in handling his elected job. I still fail to understand how Wilbur Mills' relationship with me could in any way reflect on his ability to write tax laws. When certain people were calling upon him for favors and guidance, I doubt if they prefaced their requests with questions about his personal life—be it sex, alcohol or whatever—and I have no doubt these same people are not asking those questions of any of the politicians they are seeking out now.

I marvel at the aim of some sinners when given a stone

Annabel Battistella  
(Fanne Foxe)  
Westport, Conn

### Swat That Bug

Your story on Dr. Ananda Chakrabarty's new oil-eating bug [Sept. 22] the "multiplasmid hydrocarbon-degrading pseudomonas," hailed the bug as a major advance in battling oil spills.

Before he lets that thing out of the culture tube, someone had better find a way to control it. I have visions of standing by helplessly while it attacks oil tankers and storage depots, home oil heating systems and even my engine oil and gas tank.

Victor Zalma, M.D., Director  
State Health Agency  
Santa Fe, N. Mex

**Address Letters to TIME.** Time & Life Building,  
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

## You can make a horse fly with an electronic Minolta.



The faster the action, the more you can use an electronic Minolta 35mm reflex. Its unique shutter sets itself instantly, automatically and with uncanny accuracy. So instead of worrying about exposure, you can concentrate on the picture

You can use the camera automatically or make the adjustments yourself. Either way, the finder shows exactly what's happening for total creative control

There's an electronic Minolta reflex that fills your needs. And it fits your budget. Each accepts interchangeable Rokkor-X and

Celtic lenses, ranging from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto

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More camera for your money.

# Lips too sore for a stick?

Blistex soothes. It's real medicine that goes on gently, yet works effectively. Used early and regularly, it aids in preventing unsightly cold sores and fever blisters. Helps nature heal sore or dry, chapped lips. Soothing, cooling Blistex.





FORD WAVING TO CROWD IN SKOKIE, ILL., FROM SAFETY OF BULLETPROOF LIMOUSINE



WEBER BEING SUBDUCED AND HANDCUFFED BY

## AMERICAN NOTES

### A Victory—for Now

The Constitution provides only that the Senate shall advise and consent on the President's conduct of foreign affairs, but it is not easy for Congress thus to restrict itself. Lately, to an extraordinary degree, Congress has tried to take a hand not merely in the setting of goals, or the examination of Administration policy, but in the tactical conduct of foreign affairs. The results have been alarming.

Eight months ago, Congress banned all sales of arms to America's NATO ally, Turkey. The official reason was that Turkey had illegally used U.S. weapons in the 1974 invasion of Cyprus, and a number of Congressmen argued that the ban would pressure the Turks into negotiating a compromise. But there were several other reasons for the vote, including strong anti-Turkish lobbying by Greek Americans and a feeling that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had both mishandled the Cyprus crisis and failed to show sufficient deference to Congress. The only results of the congressional action: a Cyprus settlement became more remote than ever, and Ankara brutally suspended operations at two dozen U.S. military and intelligence-gathering facilities.

For months the Administration has been pressuring Congress to lift the ban. Last week, as the issue headed toward a new vote, President Ford himself telephoned several wavering legislators

House Republican Whip Robert Michel provided a private airplane so that five friendly Congressmen could still make a key meeting out of town. The House finally voted, 237 to 176, to end the ban.

The Senate took about one minute to vote its own approval of the measure. It was the Administration's first foreign policy success with Congress in months, and it is likely to be supplemented this week if, barring last-minute hitches, the Senate approves Kissinger's Sinai agreement. Yet even here the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asserted itself by ignoring Kissinger's pleas and releasing classified documents of the accord (*see THE WORLD*). The crisis between Congress and the White House over who conducts foreign policy is far from over.

### To Remove a Blot

In 1852 a man named John Surratt built a two-story clapboard house in the Maryland countryside about ten miles from Washington, D.C. Soon it served as a tavern, polling place, post office and home for the Surratt family, and the area became known as Surrattsville. After Surratt died in 1862, his widow Mary leased the building and moved to Washington, where she opened a boardinghouse. It was there, in 1865, that John Wilkes Booth plotted the assassination of Abraham Lin-

coln. One of Booth's associates, John Lloyd, turned state's evidence and implicated Mrs. Surratt in the conspiracy. Though Lloyd had been drunk during the critical conversation with Mrs. Surratt, an overzealous military court accepted his testimony. The widow whose last words to a priest were "Father, I am innocent" — was hanged in July 1865 along with three alleged members of Booth's cabal. The U.S. Government, meanwhile, had changed the name of Surrattsville to Robeytown today, it is known as Clinton, Md.

But the citizens of the area were sure that one of their own had been wronged. They continued to give their schools the Surrattsville name, and they kept a close eye on the Surratt house. In 1965 its last private owner donated it to the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission. A group of local citizens raised money for its restoration and last week it was formally dedicated as a historical monument. Boy Scouts directed traffic while an honor guard from nearby Andrews Air Force Base presented colors. Said Restoration Committee Chairman Thomas S. Gwynn Jr. to the 700 onlookers, including 30-odd Surratt descendants who attended the affair: "To remove this blot, this blemish, this cloud from the name of one of our local residents, is why we are here today."



MARY SURRETT



POLICE OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S HOTEL



PRESIDENT FORD MINGLING WITH WELL-WISHERS AT ELKINS, W. VA., PARADE

## THE PRESIDENT

## Under Guard, but Still on the Road

Gerald Ford is a courageous and stubborn man who resents any attempt to intimidate him. So despite the two attempts upon his life within 17 days, the President once again left the secure confines of the White House to tour the U.S. "I can only say that two-way communication with my friends and fellow Americans is for me an essential part of doing the job properly," he told an audience in Chicago. "I intend to keep my communications open, not in any foolhardy spirit, but by every prudent and practical means."

Despite Ford's genuine desire to meet his countrymen, the extraordinary security measures that shrouded his trip showed how deeply his freedom had been at least temporarily restricted. One symptom of the new nervousness around the White House: the entourage of newspaper reporters jumped from the regular eight or ten to 26, including correspondents from four British and three Australian newspapers.

Ford flew first to Chicago, where the Secret Service had requested the local police to impose the tightest security in the city's history: some 1,000 patrolmen and plainclothesmen were assigned. Also on hand were at least 100 Secret Service agents and an undisclosed number from the FBI. The area outside the

Conrad Hilton Hotel, where the President was to address a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner, was patrolled by hundreds of uniformed police, scores of detectives equipped with walkie-talkies, undercover agents in jeans and leather jackets, plus plainclothes policewomen in slacks.

**Closed Windows.** Armed with metal detectors, police scanned the crowds outside on Michigan Avenue as well as the 1,000 Republicans inside the hotel, who lined up patiently to be electronically frisked for weapons before ascending an escalator to the grand ballroom for the dinner. For blocks around the Hilton, policemen on rooftops relentlessly searched the area with binoculars. Every window in the 19-story Y.M.C.A., one block south of the Hilton, was ordered closed. Some guests in the Hilton insisted on peering out of their windows to see what all the commotion was about. When they did, they were blasted by police loudspeakers: "On the eighth floor of the Hilton, please close your window. This is a police order." At one point, a guest left his window open too long. "If you don't close your window right now," boomed the loudspeaker, "you will be arrested." The window slammed shut.

A crowd of 700 gathered expectantly at the Michigan Avenue entrance to the

Hilton, the traditional gateway for Presidents, Kings and heads of state. But all they got was a fleeting glimpse of Ford's motorcade zooming past on its way to the rear service entrance, normally used by maids and waiters. The small crowd clustered there saw Ford for perhaps five seconds. Reported TIME's Midwest bureau chief Benjamin Cate: "He alighted from the presidential limousine, forced a smile across his face and waved sheepishly while security men swarmed around him. The wave seemed almost a gesture of embarrassment, as though Ford were saying to those watching that he'd like to do more but had been ordered not to do so. Then the gray steel door of the Hilton slammed shut behind the President, leaving him in the relative safety of the back corridors of the hotel."

The Republicans who paid \$125 a plate to attend the dinner heard Ford do his wooden best to raise party morale with his vow that he would continue to travel the country. Ford also promised full production for the farmers, predicted more grain sales to the Soviet Union and criticized the Democrats in Congress for "inflationary spending." Soon after his speech was over, Ford departed as furtively as he had arrived. Slipping out a side entrance, he waved

## THE NATION

at the crowd 30 yards away and disappeared into his limousine. Total time that he was visible: about five seconds.

Led by squads of gleaming new blue-and-white patrol cars, the Chicago police escorted Ford north out of the city. At one point his route paralleled the tracks of an elevated rapid transit line. To keep the platforms clear of people, the trains were ordered to stop between stations while he sped by.

Half an hour later, Ford's motorcavalcade arrived in suburban Skokie (pop. 66,200) and pulled up before the 13-story North Shore Hilton. Half of the city's 61-man police force joined the cordon of Secret Service agents protecting the hotel. To help out, a dozen men who had been fired from the force in a contract dispute last summer joined their former colleagues on guard. About 500 of the city's residents stood shivering in the night outside the hotel when Ford arrived, and he waved for about 30 seconds to acknowledge their cheers.

**Safe Soil.** Next morning Ford met with 33 small-town and suburban mayors from the Midwest. He urged them to push Congress hard to extend the revenue-sharing program, which is due to expire at the end of 1976. During his relaxed and freewheeling exchanges with the mayors, Ford also reinforced his refusal to rescue New York City from its financial crisis (see page 20). Said the President: "Your constituents wouldn't tolerate it if you ran your city as badly as New York City has been run."

That afternoon Ford flew to Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, and within the fenced confines of the base he finally was able to do the crowd mingling he loves. After 15 relaxed minutes on safe Air Force soil, Ford was driven under heavy guard to a downtown hotel, where he attended a conference of business and civic leaders set up by the White House to discuss domestic and economic problems. In a television interview that evening, Ford broadly hinted

that he would favor renewing individual income tax cuts in 1976 if Congress would hold down spending (see ECONOMY & BUSINESS). Then, after 28 hours of tension and constraint, Ford flew back to Washington.

No one leveled a gun at the President during the trip, but there were a number of sharp encounters along the way. During the Chicago visit, a policeman near the Hilton asked to look into the purse of Carmen T. Pulido, 37, and found a .25-cal. pistol. She was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon, although she protested that she needed the gun for self-protection on her job as the manager of a currency-exchange outlet. "I'm no Squeaky Fromme," the woman protested. "I'm a notary public and tax accountant."

In Skokie police became suspicious of Thomas Weber, 23, because he was standing near Ford's hotel with his hands jammed into his pockets. When Weber mulishly refused to show his hands, he was wrestled to the ground by anxious policemen.

Throughout Ford's trip, the Secret Service and the local police were haunted by the fear that they might have overlooked another would-be assassin. The scope of their problem was emphasized last week by Treasury Secretary William Simon, who pointed out in testimony before a Senate subcommittee (see following story) that the number of threats against the President had tripled during the first 20 days of September, jumping from the 100 or 110 that might have been considered routine to a new total of 320. Simon put part of the blame on the publicity given to Squeaky Fromme and Sally Moore: "When these people are glamorized on the front pages of our national magazines, I think this does great harm."

While Ford was touring the Midwest, law-enforcement authorities were trying to run down a spate of new reports about potential assassins. One mysterious phone call warned that three

people were driving from Montreal in a blue station wagon to kill Ford and the visiting Emperor Hirohito (see page 30). Federal agents were also striving to locate a lone man—name withheld—who was said to be stalking Ford. He was reported to be a member of the American Indian Movement, armed with three high-powered rifles and a Russian-made AK-47 automatic rifle.

**Every State.** Despite this welter of threats, President Ford last week showed no sign of wanting to call off his barnstorming. He still liked to cite the number of states he had visited, the Governors and mayors he had met, the miles he had traveled, as though they somehow were proof of his leadership. In Chicago, Ford told his audience of Republicans that he hoped to visit every state by the end of 1975. When he arrived back in Washington he had eleven still to go—Alabama, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Mississippi, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia and Wyoming.

On Saturday, the indefatigable President knocked two more states off his list. He went to New Jersey to address yet another G.O.P. fund-raising dinner. That same day he took part in the kind of event that is better suited to Congressmen than Presidents. As the honorary grand marshal, Ford rode in the Mountain State Festival parade in Elkins, W. Va. (pop. 8,287). Three times along the parade route Ford could not resist the urge to leave his limousine and pump hands. The President's good friends as well as his critics might fairly ask whether right now Jerry Ford should take part in a festival, no matter how entertaining it might be.

POLICEMAN USING METAL DETECTOR



SECRET SERVICE AGENT CHECKING UNDER HEAD TABLE BEFORE CHICAGO BANQUET





HUMPHREY & GOLDWATER AT SENATE HEARINGS ON PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT



SAN FRANCISCO INSPECTOR O'SHEA

## INVESTIGATIONS

### On Crowd-Pumping and Bravery

As President Ford planned to go parading in West Virginia, four former presidential candidates appeared before a Senate subcommittee last week to baffle the political impact of such show-boating and crowd-pumping. "I shook 5,000 hands in one day and got the hell beat out of me," Republican Senator Barry Goldwater bluntly told the group, which was holding public hearings on how to reduce the risk of assassination attempts. He added: "I question whether any candidate, especially an incumbent, really has to get out and shake hands."

So why do candidates and Presidents do it? "Most of it is done to accommodate the photographers," Democrat Hubert Humphrey frankly told the committee. "We want the pictures showing all those hands reaching out." But, he said, "it is not necessary." Democratic Senator George McGovern saw three reasons why such touring is so popular: "1) It is symbolic of getting close to the people; 2) it raises the candidate's own spirits—there is no greater tonic than to go out and shake hands with a lot of smiling people who are potential voters; 3) and now, to prove you're brave." Insisted the soundly defeated 1972 candidate: "None are very good reasons. None have much to do with the national interest."

What should be done to reduce the risk? McGovern suggested that a dialogue between President and people could better be accomplished by give-and-take discussions with community

groups in more easily protected auditoriums. He urged more television debates and press conferences. Goldwater said simply: "I want my President to stay in the White House."

Goldwater favored stiffer punishments. Anyone found carrying even an unloaded gun near a President should be given a mandatory ten-year term on top of any other judicial sentence, he said. Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie objected to electronic screening and suggested that the best practical measure is to get the candidates to "limit themselves much more than they do." Humphrey urged that any people who give "any indication that they might commit an act of personal injury" to a President should be followed "like a shadow—like a private eye."

**Futile Attempts.** That is often impossible, but it certainly was not attempted by the Secret Service in the case of Sara Jane Moore. Subcommittee Chairman Joseph Montoya demanded to know why. Although Secret Service agents interviewed her for 90 minutes the night before she shot at Ford, Moore "exhibited no mental aberrations that would give us reason" to follow her, according to the testimony of James T. Burke, the agency's assistant director for intelligence. Special Agent Gary S. Yauger, who led the questioning of Moore, said she showed "no animosity to the President or the Ford Administration and no 'sign of mental instability.' He added: "With the facts I had at the time of Sara Jane's interview, I definitely

don't think I was wrong, and I'd make the same decision [again]."

Nevertheless, in retrospect, the agents were guilty of "erroneous human judgment," as Montoya termed it. Moore's futile last-minute attempts in three telephone calls to reach the agents again on the morning of the shooting make the agency appear to have been lax. Yet Moore on each call apparently expressed no urgency. In one call at 8 a.m. she reached only an answering service, and on the other two calls she reached low-level clerks who were wholly unaware of who she was or what she wanted.

The hearing failed to resolve the conflict between the Secret Service and San Francisco Police Inspector Jack O'Shea. The inspector said he had warned both the FBI and the Secret Service that "she might be another Squeaky Fromme." O'Shea testified that he had a photograph of Moore enlarged and six prints made for the Secret Service, but that they were not picked up by the agents. In what appears to have been a misunderstanding, the agents thought O'Shea was unconcerned about any danger from Moore. "Do we need anything else, do we have a problem?" Yauger recalled asking O'Shea, who replied "No." O'Shea explained that he thought he was replying "No" to the question "Is there anything else?"

One step apparently will be taken: President Ford last week asked Congress for an extra \$11 million for the agency, mainly to hire 150 new agents and, beginning immediately, help it guard all Democratic presidential candidates who wish such protection. Congress is certain to approve the request soon.

## Snooping on Taxes

So tangled is Washington's subterranean world of spying, intelligence gathering and undercover investigation that any abuse found in one agency seems destined to expose related illegalities in others. After pursuing the CIA for more than nine months, Democratic Senator Frank Church's Select Committee on Intelligence Activities last week shifted to the Internal Revenue Service and its harassment of citizens for political purposes. En route, the committee took potshots at the FBI as well.

**Phony Letters.** The trail from CIA to IRS was marked by a once secret CIA memo unearthed by Church. It related how in 1967 a CIA official had warned IRS that the radical magazine *Ramparts* was planning to publish articles critical of the CIA and the whole Lyndon Johnson Administration. The CIA memo urged that "the corporate tax returns of *Ramparts*, Inc., be examined by IRS" and that any leads to possible financial supporters be followed up by an examination of their individual tax returns. IRS did indeed audit *Ramparts* taxes, though that did not stop the magazine from disclosing that the CIA had financed and infiltrated activities of the National Students Association.

The FBI came under fire from the Church committee's scrutiny because it also had made a highly improper request of IRS. In 1964, the committee revealed at a public hearing last week, the FBI asked IRS for the names of donors to Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. According to Church, the FBI got the names from IRS and planned to send out phony letters, using the stationery of the target civil rights group, to all donors. The letters, which were to have included King's copied signature, would have warned that IRS was launching an investigation of all donations to the group. The committee is still uncertain whether the plan actually was carried out and is investigating further.

The two incidents led the Church committee to interrogate IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander about such abuses, even though he was not in charge at the time they occurred. To the committee's apparent surprise, Alexander readily admitted that IRS last year routinely received—and meekly fulfilled—requests from other agencies for information on no fewer than 29,529 income tax returns. The inquiring agencies included the Justice Department, Department of Agriculture, Department of Commerce, Customs Bureau and Government Accounting Office. Moreover, Alexander said, IRS continues to comply with all such requests, without inquiring as to whether they are entirely proper or not.

"Just about anyone in Government can acquire personal tax information," protested Minnesota Senator Walter

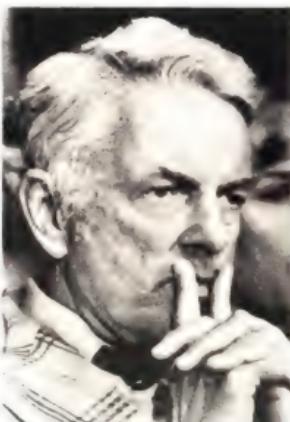
Mondale. "The returns can be requested and used for illegal purposes." The mild-mannered Alexander agreed, although he claimed that the Internal Revenue Code makes IRS acquiescence in such requests almost mandatory. In actual fact, the code says only that IRS "may" supply such information; it need not do so. With some sympathy, Mondale asked: "How do you say no to a President?" Replied Alexander: "With extreme difficulty and some trepidation."

Alexander was praised for abolishing a special IRS unit (the Special Services Staff), which had been set up during the Nixon Administration to examine the tax status of controversial, but wholly legal, political and charitable groups. The IRS between 1969 and 1973 had also fulfilled an FBI request to check the taxes of some 8,000 American citizens and 3,000 organizations, including Columnist Joseph Alsop, then New York Mayor John Lindsay, Entertainer Sammy Davis Jr., Author Norman Mailer, B'nai B'rith, Associated Catholic Charities, Americans for Democratic Action, the John Birch Society, Common Cause, the *New York Review of*

*Books* and sponsors of rock festivals. Alexander asked the committee to propose legislation that would specifically shield IRS from such improper pressures from other agencies of Government.

**Wrongly Accused.** The committee did not ask the IRS Commissioner about charges, brought by disgruntled members of his own investigative staff, that he had improperly halted an IRS probe of wealthy U.S. citizens who may have filed false tax claims based on income-losing ventures in the Bahamas. Church doubted if this fell under the committee's scope. Privately, committee members seemed satisfied that Alexander had been wrongly accused; he had proudly interrupted the investigation because some of the IRS evidence might have been "tainted" by the way it was acquired. An IRS undercover agent apparently had supplied a Bahamian banker with a girl friend, then removed from the banker's briefcase and copied lists of American depositors while he was busy with her. The Justice Department is looking into Alexander's handling of the matter but is expected to clear him.

## New Chapter in Pike's Progress



HOUSE COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN OTIS PIKE  
After compromise, a new target.

"It's time Congress faced up to its responsibilities," New York's Democratic Representative Otis Pike declared last week, adding with typical Pikean acerbity, "I'm not so sure Congress wants to face up to its responsibilities." Pike, however, was fully ready.

At issue: the CIA documents on its failure to predict the Communists' surprise *Tet* offensive in Viet Nam in 1968. On President Ford's orders, the CIA had refused to produce the documents for Pike's committee investigating U.S. in-

telligence, so the committee subpoenaed them. The CIA then ignored the subpoena, so Pike's committee voted 10-3 to ask the support of the full House in forcing the CIA to obey. Implicit in that vote was the threat of a contempt citation against CIA Director William Colby.

Weighing those warnings and threats, President Ford decided to compromise. He ordered Colby to turn over the seven-in-high pile of documents on three conditions: 1) no public disclosure of the material before a consultation with the CIA; 2) any dispute over a document's release to be referred by the White House; and 3) a presidential decision not to release a document for security reasons would be binding, unless the committee chose to go to court. Pike thought that compromise reasonable enough, and his committee voted to accept it.

**Critical Memo.** The Congressmen then took aim at their next target: Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. In questioning State Department Official Thomas D. Boyatt, about Boyatt's criticism of intelligence failures during the Cyprus invasion, Pike found that the witness had been forbidden to answer key questions. Reason: Kissinger was insisting that no State Department officials below the rank of Assistant Secretary should ever testify on the formation of policy, only on the "facts" of such policies. The State Department justified that ban as a defense against McCarthyite harassment of policymakers, but Pike called it "preposterous." His committee thereupon voted 9-2 to sub-



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## THE NATION

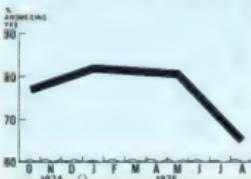
poena Boyatt's critical memo on Cyrus.

As the week's developments indicate, Otis Grey Pike, a silver-haired 54, is the model of a properly pugnacious public servant—sharp-tongued and not easily intimidated. He has fought hard against such expensive Pentagon projects as the C-5 transport and the B-70 bomber. During Robert McNamara's supposedly cost-conscious tenure as Defense Secretary, Pike took to the House floor each day for weeks and spoke for one minute on one Pentagon budget item. The most outlandish little metal rods worth 50¢ were costing the Pentagon \$25.55 under a catalogue listing describing them as "precision shafting." Said Pike: "For once the American taxpayer got precisely what he paid for."

**Secret Yen.** But the military is only one of Pike's many interests. Says an official biographical memo he wrote about himself: "He can fly a plane, navigate a boat, play a piano (or a ukulele)... swing an ax, sing a song..." The son of a Republican Long Island banker, Pike grew to admire Franklin Roosevelt during the New Deal and joined the Democratic Party at 21. A Princeton graduate who finished Columbia Law School in 1948, Pike was first elected to Congress from his conservative Long Island district in 1960 ("I've always been surrounded on three sides by water and on the fourth side by Republicans"). Pike harbors a secret yen to be a "charter captain half the time and a political writer the other half," but he settles for cruises off Long Island in the 30-year-old Navy launch he bought for \$8,250. Pike and his wife Doris still live in the two-story Victorian frame house where he was born; in Washington, he occupies a modest three-room apartment above a delicatessen near the Capitol.

Pike is believed to be thinking of running for James L. Buckley's U.S. Senate seat next year, a tough fight he would relish. But for now he is determined to nettle the members of the Administration who would conceal activities Pike thinks they ought to disclose. "Congress might have to revise its own rules to safeguard genuine secrets," says Pike, "but that is Congress's decision to make. The foreign affairs of the nation belong to the nation, not just to the Executive."

## WILL IT RETURN WITHIN A FEW YEARS?



## TIME SOUNDINGS

# The Public: Disenchanted with Ford

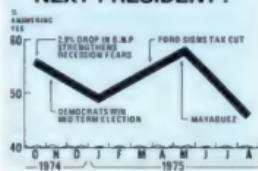
Americans are in a bitter and fearful mood. The chief reason seems to be inflation, which has so eroded confidence in President Ford that less than half of those polled consider him acceptable as the next President. A sizable majority of Americans (58%) now believe that there is no end to inflation in sight. About two out of three people express doubts about the country's future prosperity.

These results are clearly shown in the latest TIME Soundings, a quarterly survey of the mood and outlook of the American people. Soundings consists of a series of political and social indicators that were developed for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White Inc., the New York-based public-opinion research firm.

**THE TRENDS.** In contrast to last spring, when people were buoyed by the *Mayaguez* incident and many economists' predictions of a speedy economic recovery (TIME, June 16), the latest survey revealed these developments:

► The national mood shows only 17% of those surveyed as optimistic.

## WOULD HE BE ACCEPTABLE AS THE NEXT PRESIDENT?



compared with 29% in mid-May and 21% in October 1974. Some 64% now think that "things are going badly" in the country, up from 60% last spring.

► Social resentment, which measures increases in the number of Americans who are angry about recent social trends but feel powerless to change them, rose to 37%, the highest point since April 1974, when 27% were found to be resentful in the first Soundings taken.

► Because of public concern with the economy, conservatism in the nation has continued to ebb somewhat. Only 48% of those polled call themselves

\*The study, results of which have just been tabulated, is drawn from personal interviews conducted before Labor Day with a representative sample of 1,016 men and women of voting age. The figures have an error factor of plus or minus 3% in estimating trends from one quarter to another. The error factor is plus or minus 4%.

conservatives or hold generally conservative views, down from 53% almost a year ago.

**THE ECONOMY.** Last spring, by a slim margin (47% to 45%), Americans believed that inflation would be halted within a few years. Now, only 27% think so. Further, the belief that runaway inflation is here to stay cuts across party lines (Democrats, 54%; Republicans, 58%; independents, 64%). Looking ahead, only 24% of those polled have strong confidence in the country's future prosperity; another 41% express some confidence but have reservations.

With unemployment rates leveling off, fear of losing work has diminished. As a result, the proportion of Americans who consider themselves to be in economic distress has dipped to 30%, from 36% last May. But large numbers of people report serious concern about paying bills for food (cited by 72%), utilities (66%) and housing (38%).

**FORD.** Americans seem increasingly doubtful about Ford's ability to manage the economy. The degree of their confidence in Ford, compared with that of almost a year ago:

	October 1974	August 1975
A lot	19%	10%
Some	60%	51%
None	15%	38%

For the first time since Ford became President, a majority of those who stated an opinion no longer consider him to be acceptable as the next President. Only 46% now find him acceptable, down strikingly from 56% in October 1974. In comparison, a virtually unchanged 37% still find Reagan acceptable, though 41% do not.

**THE CAMPAIGN.** One of Ford's problems is that Democrats command more allegiance than Republicans. Soundings found that regardless of party registration, 40% of those polled preferred the

## WHO BENEFITS MOST?

U.S.S.R.-45% U.S.-3%

NEITHER-9% NOT SURE-24%

BOTH EQUALLY-19%

## THE NATION

Democrats, 13% favor the Republicans and 47% consider themselves neutral. Moreover, while 66% of the registered Democrats express strong support for their party, only 39% of the registered Republicans are solidly loyal to the G.O.P.

Nonetheless, no Democratic candidate for President has won much public esteem. The favorite among all voters is Senator Edward Kennedy (found acceptable by 51%), who has declared himself out of the race. Most of the other candidates are still largely unknown to more than two out of three of the people surveyed. Alabama Governor George Wallace is widely known, but 59% consider him unacceptable.

**BIG GOVERNMENT.** Ford has tried to make big Government a political issue, but Soundings found the public ambivalent on the question. The pollsters found that 49% still believe the U.S. needs a stronger Federal Government, while 46% would like to see the Government have less power.

The public's ambivalence is not limited to the Executive Branch. The question of which part of Government people trusted most drew the following responses:

	Most	Least
Courts	34%	18%
Congress	27%	21%
Executive	13%	36%

On the other hand, a high 89% of those interviewed agree strongly or partially with the statement that "there's nothing wrong with the Federal Government, the trouble is with those who run it." Only a minority (31%) feel they are getting their money's worth from their taxes. Only 12% think the Government is doing a good job in representing the interests of the average citizen; 63% rate the Government's performance as fair and 23% as poor.

On specific issues, most of the people with opinions think the Administration is doing a bad job in administering welfare programs (cited by 61%), keeping down unemployment (70%), keeping the economy healthy (75%) and preventing crime (80%). But they give the Administration high marks for its performance in national security matters. By 76% to 24%, the respondents think the Government is doing a good job providing for the country's defense. Similarly, by 59% to 41%, they approve of the Administration's performance in foreign affairs.

Nonetheless, Soundings found that Americans have misgivings about détente with the Soviet Union. The reason was summed up in a phrase repeated by many of the people interviewed: "We give and they get." Some 45% believe that Russia is benefiting most from détente, while only 3% think the U.S. is benefiting most, and 19% regard the benefits as equal for both countries.

## THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

### When Talk Is Cheap and Wild

There is a political protest struggling to be born out in the country. If it makes itself heard, eventually it may ask something like this: Why are we repeatedly forced to choose our Presidents from the Congress? There is no rebellion yet, but there is at least a rising murmur at the spectacle of ten of the 16 presidential possibilities being products of Capitol Hill.

Congress is an unreal world—and getting more so. Talk there is cheap and wild and it is rarely accountable. Senators and Congressmen do not have to carry out their decisions, do not have to make the Government work. They walk away from responsibility after they cast their votes.

Few of them have ever run anything larger than their office staffs. Hubert Humphrey was a mayor and Edmund Muskie was a Governor, but so long ago that the experience is not much more than the faded clippings in their scrapbooks. In almost every city and hamlet, Americans can see that the politicians who went to Washington now talk and act like men in a different nation from their fellow politicians who stayed back home. They see that their Governors—Lucey, Brown, Ray, Longley, Dukakis, Walker, Thomson, Evans—are true executives and make real decisions. Senators talk and shake hands.

When Jerry Ford, who was tempered by 25 years on the Hill, is out on the stump, his rhetoric sometimes suggests that he would abolish the entire Government. As head of that Government, he must know, after a year's on-the-job training, that some of his campaign lines are pure baloney. But he cannot cure the congressional hangover. Some of Ford's vetoes, often delivered with simplistic and negative explanations, represent a denial of the legitimate, if costly advances our society has made in the past years. On the other hand, many of the bills that he vetoed were grab bags of every tired idea that has been propounded in Congress in the past 30 years.

A few weeks ago, Louis Harris, one of the men who read the national palm, gave a speech that would have been a shocker if any of the "Phogbounds" had been listening. "The voices from the top today are by and large not the voices from below," he said. The findings in his polls, he continued, showed the people sick to death of overblown and phony talk. They viewed politics as "sadly out of date." The public, he said, wanted "the hard truth about the recession, energy, inflation and other key issues of the day ... They want politicians who will level with them."

By last year some 70 million Americans, half of all those who are 18 years or older, had been through high school. That is the largest electorate so highly educated the world has ever produced. Their education has been dramatically enlarged by television. Their sensitivity to the facts of national life has been tuned by the drama of Watergate. They do not see the issues as black and white, as many of the candidates continue to shout. Quit talking to them as twelve-year-olds, advised Harris.

Lyndon Johnson, the pre-eminent legislative creature, got hundreds of bills passed, but the full effects of his program on the country were never calculated. We suffer from that burden today. He never fully understood that he was the executive officer, in charge of final results. Instead, he used to take out the box score of bills passed and read the numbers to visitors as his measure of greatness.

An alarming amount of Richard Nixon's White House energy was spent running again for office, doing the same thing he had done in the congressional world in which he dwelled for 14 years. He never fully conceived a program for America, achieved almost nothing on the home front.

Jerry Ford in his first year responded competently to the problems that were literally thrust on him. But now that the time has come to move beyond the crises he inherited, there are worrisome signs that Ford's view of leadership remains a reflection of his days on the Hill—days spent in meeting, talking and traveling.

FORD BEING GREETED IN OMAHA



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"What do you mean my car is in a holding pattern in New Jersey?"

Nice feeling. Being stood up by an automobile.

Avis does not want you to go through this.

That's why Avis now employs the most advanced reservation-rental

system in the business. To see what we mean, simply dial our toll-free number, 800-331-1212, to make a speedy, reliable reservation for anywhere in the world.

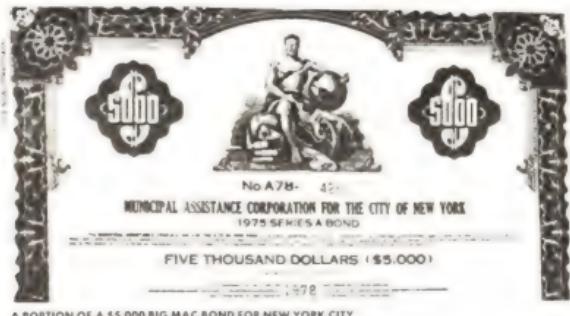
We're the Avis System, renting all

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A PORTION OF A \$5,000 BIG MAC BOND FOR NEW YORK CITY

# The Comfort\* of life...

(you've earned it...why not enjoy it!)



**THAT'S WHY IT  
MAKES MIXED DRINKS  
TASTE SO MUCH  
BETTER!**

Actually tastes  
**good**...right out  
of the bottle. Try  
it on-the-rocks or  
over crushed ice.  
Simply delicious!



**Prove it to yourself!** Southern Comfort is a completely different kind of basic liquor. It's delicious just over ice cubes... actually tastes *good* with *nothing* added. Buy a bottle, take a sip. Then you'll understand why so many experts use it, instead of ordinary whiskey, for making mixed drinks. They know this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously. Like Manhattans or Sours? Make your next one with Southern Comfort; you'll be amazed.

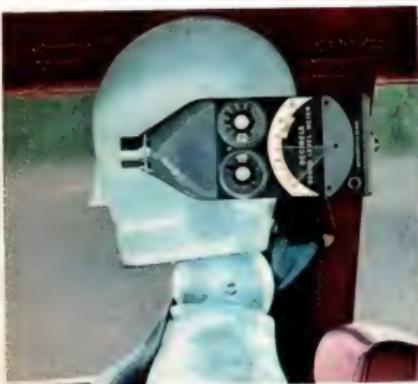
*You just know it's got to be good... when it's made with*

# \*Southern Comfort®

**WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT?** It's a special kind of basic liquor. In Old New Orleans, a talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskies of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to create this superb, unusually

smooth liquor, known today as Southern Comfort. Its formula is still a family secret. Its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try a bottle; see how good it tastes on-the-rocks, or in mixed drinks.

*Send for a Free Recipe Guide*



A sound level meter took comparative decibel readings inside the Granada, Seville and Mercedes at 55 mph.



Test comparisons between the new Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 conducted at different speeds over a variety of road surfaces.

# Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac Seville and Mercedes 280...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But what about Granada's ride? Can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

In a recently completed series of interior sound and riding comfort tests, some surprising answers emerged.

## Test 1: Smooth ride

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured at different speeds over various surfaces. In one of

these the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road (Above right). A vibration recorder (below) rated them at 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. And at every speed tested the least bumpy ride actually belonged to the Ford Granada.

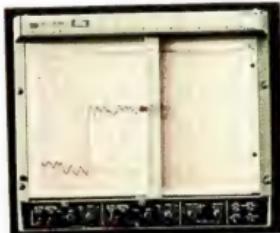
In fact, in every test conducted Granada consistently ranked first or second.

## Test 2: Quiet ride

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about

55 mph. A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. In every test, under a variety of conditions, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter still.

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph	
CADILLAC SEVILLE	66.0
FORD GRANADA	67.5
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	68.5



Granada Ghia 2-Door \$4,265 optional vinyl top \$100; deluxe bumper group (\$61) \$51. WSW model \$100 more.



Professional driver leans out of two Mercedes 280's and two Granadas on high-speed test road.



A good car at a good price.  
Henry Ford I, 1919.



Testing ride: 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour over a track of irregularly spaced boards.

### Test 3: Miles per gallon

An important test of any car's performance today is its gas economy. The 1976 Granada, with 200 CID engine\* and manual transmission, received an official U.S. Government EPA estimate of 30 miles per gallon, highway, and 22, city.

Of course, your mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. But compare Granada's mileage ratings with any competitor on the American road today.

\*Not available in Calif.

### Test 4: Comfort

Put Granada to this test yourself. We feel confident you'll find it well endowed in the passenger comforts. Designed for interior spaciousness—front and back

With plush cut-pile carpeting. Deep-cushioned seats. Recessed control panel for added room. The smooth, quiet ride you've been reading about.

Now compare the feeling of comfort inside a new Ford Granada with any fine car of your choice.

### Final test: Under \$4,000

Ford Granada was designed to offer the classic style and comforts of some of the world's finest automobiles—at a sensible price.

Ford Granada's base sticker price: \$3,707 for the 2-Door, \$3,798 for the 4-Door (excluding taxes, title and destination charges) with 200 CID engine, not available in Calif.). Of course, you can add popular options such as automatic transmission, AM/FM radio, air conditioning...or very special luxury touches.

The Granada 4-Door Sedan, \$3,798, comes equipped with three interior group seats and 135/80R13 tires.



Inside Granada, a classic look at a price that's surprising.

If you're looking for something special in a new car this year, visit your local Ford Dealer. Give the 1976 Ford Granada your closest inspection.

The closer you look, the better we look.  
See your local Ford dealer.

**FORD GRANADA**

FORD DIVISION



# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced *Do-ers* "White Label")



## PAUL SZEP

HOME: Scituate, Massachusetts

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Nationally syndicated editorial cartoonist

HOBBIES: Lithography, golf, classical music

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Low's Autobiography

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartoons.

QUOTE: "The satirist is an extremely important person in a society that takes itself far too seriously and is incapable of laughing at its own frailties and insignificance."

PROFILE: Relaxed and easygoing, but very sensitive to social injustice. In his work, he reduces complex events to what concerns him most, their effect on ordinary people.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label".



***Authentic.*** There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

***Dewar's never varies.***

## POLITICS

## Carter: Swimming Upstream

*This is the third of a series examining the candidates for the presidency.*

Jimmy Carter, claims one veteran home-state politician with grudging admiration, is like a south Georgia turtle "It won't swim around or crawl over a log; it just puts its head against the log and keeps pushing." Currently, the silver-haired, blond head of Georgia's former Governor can be seen pushing and pushing hard—pushing to win the Democratic Party's 1976 presidential nomination. Carter, who has been determinedly pursuing delegates since last December, is now making surprising progress.

Jimmy who? That derisive question was often asked in Georgia when the peanut farmer and Baptist Church deacon first ran for Governor in 1966, but not when he made it on his second try, in 1970. His relative national obscurity is one of his major problems now. His basic strategy consists of building an organization and then handshaking and street-cornering his way into familiarity. Last week he was doing just that in New Hampshire, and he alone has vowed to enter every one of the 30 or more primaries next year. He has raised an impressive \$600,000 so far and is spending it about as fast as he gets it.

"There's no way you can shake enough hands to be elected President," scoffs Billy Joe Camp, an aide to Alabama Governor George Wallace, who might scuttle Carter's claims to even a regional following by thrashing him whenever they meet in Southern primaries. Yet there is no denying that wherever Jimmy Carter goes, he's ready smile and unaffected intelligence win friends.

**Hard Liners.** Difficult to place in the ideological spectrum, although generally left of center, Carter has an image elusive enough to qualify as that "new face" many voters seem to be seeking. "We're getting favorable reports from every state Carter goes to—from Idaho to New Hampshire to Florida," says a professional at Democratic national headquarters. "He's impressing a lot of people with his style and organization."

Physically, the Carter face looks younger than his 51 years, but it also bears some hard lines from a strenuous rural past. The Carters have been stubbornly toiling in the red soil of Georgia for two centuries, and Jimmy was the first member of his family to finish high school. He moved from Georgia Southwestern College to Georgia Tech and then in 1943 to the U.S. Naval Academy. After serving five years on battleships and conventional submarines, he

was selected by one of his heroes, Admiral Hyman Rickover, to join the nuclear-submarine program. He was the prelaunch skipper of the submarine *Seawolf*, but when his father died in 1953, he left the Navy to help his family.

Back home in Plains, Ga. (pop 683), Carter's management skills and willingness to work produced a thriving 2,500-acre operation specializing in peanut, cotton and corn seeds. He and his wife Rosalynn worked virtually alone at first, she as a bookkeeper, until the enterprise grew to be valued at some \$750,000 and generated a family income of roughly \$80,000 a year. But the resolute Carter soon began traveling as far north as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to promote his religion. A Sunday-school teacher as well as deacon, he enjoyed "witnessing among people who don't know about Christ."

As Governor, Carter reorganized the entire state government, slashing the 300 often overlapping boards, bureaus and agencies to a mere 22. He introduced "zero-based" budgeting, meaning that every department head had to justify each money request in full rather than explain only each increase over the previous budget. But he also increased government services. Instead of just jailing alcoholics and drug users, he opened the state hospitals to them for treatment. He stressed protection of the environment even at the cost of losing new industry. Nevertheless, the Georgia economy expanded enough to permit

state expenses to grow without resort to higher taxes. He left office last January with a state budget surplus of more than \$50 million. Yet Carter was constantly fighting with the state legislature and entrenched political and business interests.

Carter believes that the White House needs this same blend of compassion for the social underdog and a hardheaded attitude toward the management of Government. There is scarcely a national issue on which he has not developed a firm stand. On energy, he would maintain price controls on most domestic oil and natural gas, order the redistribution of scarce fuels among the states during a shortage, and push money for developing other power sources, especially solar energy. To deal with unemployment, he would create publicly financed jobs in highways, construction, mass transit, hospitals and schools, even revive the Civilian Conservation Corps and the Work Projects Administration. Instead of present welfare benefits, he advocates a standard annual payment, possibly \$4,000, to those unable to work. He insists: "We need to have a Government that understands the needs of the people—not a Government of big shots."

**Too Many.** Carter promises to abolish about 1,700 of the 1,900 agencies in the federal bureaucracy, as he did at home, and install the same bottom-up budgeting. Despite his service background, he considers the Pentagon "the most wasteful agency in the Federal Government; we have too many bases overseas, too many troops overseas, too many generals and too many admirals." He criticizes Henry Kissinger's "penchant for secrecy." Yet Carter is short on foreign affairs experience.

As for the CIA, he charges that its abuses stemmed from "Presidents who either did know what was going on or



JIMMY CARTER ON THE PORCH OF THE GEORGIA GOVERNOR'S MANSION IN 1974





CARTER (RIGHT) ON NEW HAMPSHIRE FARM  
An elusive image of newness.

who told the CIA that they did not want to know." As President, says Carter, "I will know about any wrongdoing, and I will tell the American people about it."

Hailed as an anti-racist politician of the "New South," Carter supports busing of schoolchildren when ordered by courts, although he prefers voluntary systems such as that in the Atlanta area. He claims the support in his presidential drive of Martin Luther King Jr., the Rev. Ralph Abernathy and Atlanta Congressman Andrew Young. Yet he insists that poor Southern whites back him too. "Those are my people," he says. "It's the environment I come from and to which I return every weekend." Race is no longer a big issue in the South, Carter claims, the economy is.

**Last Votes.** Clearly, he hopes to position himself as a Southerner far different from Wallace. Although Carter too champions the common folk, he does not rail against big corporations; instead, he stresses his executive experience and managerial approach to problems. Yet he concedes that his attempt to cut into Wallace's expected margin of victory in the Florida primary may be crucial. Ever-optimistic about the nomination, he vows, "I'll be there until the last votes are counted."

Though he often seems flat and pedantic in front of large crowds, Carter effectively conveys a soft-spoken reasonableness and decency in face-to-face talks. "If I ever lie to you, if I ever betray you, then I want you to leave me," he tells youthful supporters in New Hampshire—and they warmly applaud his sincerity. So far, he remains well back in the presidential pack. Still, as so many of the candidates keep pointing out, so was George McGovern in a comparable period four years ago.

## RADICALS

# 'A Disturbed Young Woman'

It may be beyond the abilities of even the most expert psychiatrists to define exactly the state of mind of Patty Hearst, either during her 19½ months as the nation's most hunted fugitive or now that she is confined in the San Mateo County jail. But her own chief defense counsel, F. Lee Bailey, observed last week that "obviously the state of mind of the defendant will play a large part in her trial."

Patty's local attorneys, John Knutson and Terence Hallinan, left no doubt about their own view of the girl. In a declaration filed with Federal Judge Oliver J. Carter, they declared that she was "a mentally and emotionally disturbed young woman, who is either emerging from or about to fall into a nervous breakdown." In their consultations with her, they said, "she appeared disorganized, flat and listless in her accounts, and vacillating in her attitude toward her parents and lawyers involved in the case. She seemed to have no idea of the gravity of her position." They said she often sat staring into space, ignoring questions they put to her, even when they repeated them several times. When they brought up her recent past, she was reduced "to tears and extreme emotional turmoil." They asked that she be removed from her cell in the San Mateo County jail to a private hospital (with the tab for her room and the necessary guards to be picked up by her father, Publisher Randolph Hearst).

To skeptics, this might all appear simply a matter of defense strategy. Judge Carter had already assigned four top experts to report to him on Patty's condition, and so she was taken last week to the Stanford Medical Center in Palo Alto. The test results will be sealed, but Carter has promised to hold a hearing this week and rule on the motions to remove her to the hospital. He may also decide then whether she can stand trial.

She may face more than one trial as a result of police raids on two apartments, one occupied by Patty and her friend Wendy Yoshimura, the other by Fellow Fugitives Bill and Emily Harris. The raids yielded four truckloads of materials that provided a catalogue of a well-financed life on the lam. Items:

**FIREARMS.** In the Hearst-Yoshimura apartment police found two M-1 carbines, a sawed-off shotgun, a Browning 9-mm. pis-

tol and two .38-cal. Smith & Wesson revolvers. The Harris apartment contained an even bigger arsenal: five .38-cal. revolvers, three M-1s, three 12-gauge shotguns, two 9-mm. pistols and hundreds of rounds of ammunition.

**BOMB INGREDIENTS.** There were five cans of gunpowder, lengths of pipe, lantern-type batteries, copper wire, five alarm clocks and blasting caps.

**DOCUMENTS.** There were floor plans for several California banks, newspaper clippings on various business firms and three false identity cards.

**BOOKS.** The fugitives' library of more than 150 volumes ranged from textbooks on explosives to *Inside the Third Reich* by Albert Speer and *Joy of Cooking*.

**CLOTHES.** There were nearly a dozen women's wigs in the apartments, and Mrs. Harris maintained a wardrobe including 34 sweaters, 56 shirts and blouses and three bathing suits.

The most significant find, however, was evidence that police believe may link Patty Hearst to several previously unsolved crimes. In the Hearst-Yoshimura apartment they discovered a red, white and blue ski mask and several scarves similar to those reportedly worn by five bank robbers who took \$15,000 from the Crocker National Bank in Carmichael, Calif., on April 21. One bank patron, Myrna Lee Opsahl, wife of a local physician, was shot and killed in the course of the holdup. The police say she has a newly discovered witness who re-

PATTY HEARST ON WAY TO STANFORD MEDICAL CENTER



# Presenting Long Johns: One size fits all.



## 120s

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind.

Light one up.

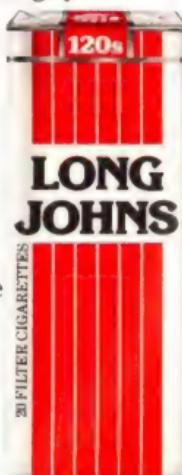
Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

But, the same price as 100's.

And you get the choice of Regular or Menthol.



### Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 17 mg.  
Menthol: 19 mg. "tar", 16 mg.

## THE NATION

calls that Patty rented a garage where one of the two getaway cars was cached.

While the Carmichael investigation continued, a Los Angeles County grand jury last week returned an eleven-count indictment against Patty and the Harrises for a series of robberies and assaults in May of 1974. The spree started, according to the indictment, when the Harrises tried to shoplift some clothes from Mel's sporting-goods store in Inglewood (the only loot actually taken was one 49¢ pair of socks). The next day, while the three were running an errand, police laid siege to the S.L.A. headquarters, eventually killing all six occupants. In their effort to get out of the area, the three fugitives allegedly roamed around Los Angeles, seizing two cars at gunpoint, kidnaping their owners and holding one of them for nearly twelve hours.

**Go Anywhere.** As the authorities intensified their prosecution of Patty Hearst and her friends, the one major figure who still remained free was Jack Scott, the enigmatic sports figure who emerged as the chief source of a long article in *Rolling Stone* about Patty's months as a fugitive (see *THE PRESS*). Much of the story repeated what had been reported as long ago as last spring (TIME, March 24): the flight from California to New York, the hiding out in Pennsylvania, the narrow escapes from capture. But the *Rolling Stone* account provided large amounts of quotation and intimate detail, usually involving Scott. The *Rolling Stone* report showed Scott implicitly offering to take her home to her parents: "I want you to know that I'm willing to drive you anywhere you want to go. You don't have to go to Pennsylvania. I'll take you anywhere." The story then quoted Patty as answering, "I want to go where my friends are going."

Less than two months after her kidnaping, the story said, "Patty asked to join the S.L.A." It added that most members of the terrorist band opposed her because of her celebrity and unreliability, but that S.L.A. Chief Donald DeFreeze, who called himself Field Marshal Cinque, "wanted her to become a comrade-in-arms." Thereafter, Patty began to find violence "appealing." She undertook training in the use of a rifle and "practiced keeping my ass down" while crawling through Cinque's homemade obstacle course, and took part in a bank robbery to prove herself to the S.L.A.

Police authorities generally found the story credible in its outlines, but they also found a number of interesting mistakes, most of them involving Scott. The most obvious was the story's omission of the fact that Scott's parents had accompanied him on the drive east with Patty—and thus could be liable to criminal charges themselves. Indeed, although the *Rolling Stone* account could prove damaging to Patty Hearst's defense, it could prove even more so to Jack Scott. Said one Federal Government source: "We are one inch from indicting him."

## CRIME

### Hunting for Hoffa

For a while, it looked like a gold rush—a small army of diggers descending on a 29-acre site some six miles west of Pontiac, Mich. They were led by state policemen ripping up great trenches with a rented backhoe, but among the scramblers were laid-off auto workers, housewives and after-school kids hacking away at the ground with garden tools. One man was seen digging with his bare hands. They were looking for a sort—the body of former Teamsters President James Hoffa, who has been missing since July 30.



AMATEUR SLEUTHS SEARCHING FOR GRAVE IN MICHIGAN  
He could sell almost anything to almost anyone.

For finding Hoffa, dead or alive, any private citizen could claim the \$200,000 money put up by the family.

The bizarre hunt began with a tip from an unnamed informer who said a group of Mafiosi wanted Hoffa's body found. The reasoning was odd. The Mafiosi were said to feel they were unfairly getting too much heat from investigators working on the case. If the body was produced, the mobsters believed, their innocence could somehow be proved. No less curious was the fact that the informant went not to the FBI or Michigan state police but to the staff of the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, headed by Democratic Senator Henry Jackson.

The whole affair had political overtones. Not only is Jackson seeking the

presidential nomination, but his campaign manager in Michigan is Frank Kelley, the state's attorney general, who may be running for the Senate next year. To the *Detroit News*, the whole affair seemed very peculiar indeed. Declared an editorial: "When Kelley and Jackson tell us they see nothing political about all this, we wince in embarrassment for them. The only question is: How far will they go? Will they, for example, insist on being photographed beside the body, if it's found, like big-game hunters beside a trophy?"

**Vague Map.** Before anyone could pose with anything, something had to be dug up. The map that the informant had furnished was vague: it did not even have street names. When the digging was done, one person had struck water, another one had found the bones of a dog, and that was all.

No one may ever find anything. Senator Jackson's informant turned out to be an old wheel-dealer named Harry Helfgot, alias Harry Hall, alias Harry Haller, who has been in and out of prison for years, once serving time for impersonating a Government official. The top echelons of the Justice Department's criminal division regard Helfgot as a confidence man who is capable of selling almost any story to almost anyone. But Helfgot has excellent contacts and there was chance, however remote, that he really did know where Hoffa was buried. Investigators have learned that Hoffa's family became convinced that Helfgot did know where the former union leader was buried and agreed to pay him more than \$100,000 for his assistance in finding the body. A portion of that fee has already been handed over.

Michigan authorities became disenchanted, however, when they learned that Helfgot admitted he was getting his information about Hoffa fourth-hand—by talking to a courier who was talking to gangsters who were talking to a man who had knowledge of the whereabouts of Hoffa's burial. "It's pure baloney," said one federal investigator. "That stuff about the Mafia is bunk. Look, if the Mob wanted Hoffa's body found, they would have found it."

As the week wore on, Senator Jackson withdrew his committee's investigators from the hunt. The FBI, meanwhile, was checking out a report that Hoffa's body had been stuffed into a trash compactor, compressed and hauled away in a landfill project by a sanitation company owned by the Mafia.

# Ideally, every Saab showroom should have a Volvo, Audi, Dasher, BMW, Peugeot and Mercedes-Benz.

We think it would be great if you could take a good look at our competitors when you take a good look at us. Because you'll find a little bit of all of them in every Saab 99 LE, EMS and WagonBack Sedan.

## Durability.

You could compare Volvo's durable construction, for example, to our roll-cage construction because both have a utilized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts and door impact panels.

## Luxury.

You could compare the interior of an Audi to the spacious interior of a Saab. And you could compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour reclining front bucket seats, Saab's heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.

## Economy.

You could compare the economy of the Dasher (23 miles per gallon in city driving according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon in the city (according to the same EPA tests).\*

## Performance.

You could compare BMW's exciting performance features to our



rack-and pinion steering, power assisted four wheel disc brakes and fuel-injected 2 liter engine.

## Ride.

You could compare Peugeot's smooth, comfortable ride to ours. A ride that's incredibly smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension and a light axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps to smooth out even the roughest roads.

## Quality.

And you could compare such extra-quality features as four wheel disc-brakes on Mercedes-Benz with the same features on Saab. Because both Mercedes-Benz and Saab are known for their dedication to precision engineering and automotive research and development. Dedication that has made us both technical leaders in the automotive industry.

Of course, every Saab showroom can't have all these cars.

But you can walk into any Saab showroom and find durability, luxury, economy, performance, comfort and quality.

In every Saab you see.  
From \$5,648 to \$6,528 P.O.E.

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It's what a car should be.





EMPEROR NAGAKO, MRS. FORD, EMPEROR HIROHITO & PRESIDENT FORD MEETING GINGER ROGERS

#### DIPLOMACY

## The Quiet Gentleman from Japan

He was accustomed to waving to the crowds with his hat, but it had been suggested that this might look old-fashioned in the U.S. The Americans did not have much use for hats. So the old gentleman had conscientiously practiced waving with his hand alone. When his plane came to a halt last week in Newport News, Va., he appeared bareheaded. Walking slowly and carefully down the flight of steps from the Japan Air Lines DC-8, he twice waved graciously to the small crowd of well-wishers. On his first visit to the U.S., at the age of 74, Emperor Hirohito of Japan was clearly determined to do everything right.

**Red Airplane.** During World War II, Hirohito was regarded by Americans as the hated symbol of his country, an embodiment of treachery and aggression, but that enmity has long since faded into a kind of bemused nostalgia. The two nations that battled so fiercely in the Pacific are now bound together by mutual need. Hirohito had wanted to come to the U.S. for years (en route to Europe in 1971, he had stopped over in Alaska for a brief meeting with President Nixon), but he was dissuaded from doing so by the anti-Americanism of the Japanese left and the ill-will caused in 1971 when President Richard Nixon did not consult or even inform Japan before announcing a new policy toward China. To help ease that tension, President Gerald Ford went to Japan last November, and now the first Japanese imperial visit to the U.S. was meticulously planned to provide both nations with a graceful and rather old-fashioned diplomatic interlude.

To begin their two-week tour, the Emperor and Empress Nagako were driven to the re-created colonial village

of Williamsburg, Va. There Hirohito rode in an open carriage to the House of Burgesses, and like thousands of tourists before him, fed the ducks on the grounds of the Williamsburg Inn. He also found time to smooth over a troublesome incident. He dispatched a Japanese official to nearby Norfolk to lay a wreath on the grave of General Douglas MacArthur, the commander whose forces had defeated Japan but who had allowed Hirohito to keep his title. The gesture was made to appease MacArthur's widow, who had said she was "very unhappy" that Hirohito's schedule would not permit him to visit the grave.

On Thursday morning, the Emperor and Empress journeyed to Washington by limousine to meet the President. The grounds of the White House were packed for the occasion by an unusually large crowd of 2,000 spectators, plus a 300-man Japanese press corps that could match its American counterpart in competitiveness. Shortly before the royal couple were due to arrive, a small red airplane suddenly appeared startlingly close to the White House. It was towing a banner, hooked up backwards, that read: EMPEROR HIROHITO, PLEASE SAVE OUR WHALES. (It later turned out that the flight was sponsored by the Animal Welfare Institute, in an effort to get the Emperor to join the fight against the commercial slaughter of whales.) As the plane drew nearer, the anxious Secret Service was told by air controllers that the pilot was carefully sticking to a legal route down nearby K Street. Even so, agents radioed the command to have the pilot veer off.

The plane had disappeared when the Emperor stepped out of his limousine.

#### THE NATION

sine, followed by his wife, who was dressed completely in white and was carrying a sheaf of red roses given to her by Mrs. Ford. The Emperor and the President shook hands warmly, and Ford adjusted his long stride to accommodate the uncertain footing of Hirohito as they mounted the red-carpeted steps to the reviewing stand. Cannons boomed out a 21-gun salute.

President Ford spoke first, being careful to make no mention of the war, noting that "Your Majesty's visit symbolizes and strengthens the ties between our two peoples." When his turn came Hirohito made the most of a sensitive moment that had profound implications for him and his country. The Japanese viewed the visit of the Emperor as their last act of reconciliation after World War II. Squinting through his gold-rimmed glasses, the stooped little man with the pewter-colored hair read the Japanese characters brushed on a folded card and made his point with poetic Japanese understatement: "Our peoples withstood the challenges of one tragic interlude, when the Pacific Ocean, symbol of tranquillity, was a rough and stormy sea, and have built today unchanging ties of peace and friendship between the two countries."

At a state dinner held in his honor that evening, Hirohito went a step further. Toasting the President, he thanked the U.S. for its support "following that most unfortunate war, which I deeply deplore." During the evening, the Emperor never quite mastered the art of unbending in casual conversation, but the Empress, all smiles and easy grace, enchanted the guests, who were also struck by her diamond tiara and spectacular diamond necklace.

The ties of peace and friendship between the U.S. and the nation's other bitter enemy during World War II were emphasized in quite another way the next day when West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, 56, arrived in Washington. He discussed international economic problems with the President while Hirohito continued his ceremonial duties.

**Marine Life.** For Hirohito, the visit to the U.S. is not only a pleasant chore of state but a chance to indulge his passion: the study of marine life. Hirohito is a respected amateur student of Crustacea and Hydrozoa—primitive spineless animals that attach themselves to seaweed and shells in shallow ocean waters. From Washington, where he spent a happy afternoon looking over specimens in the National Museum of Natural History, Hirohito went to Cape Cod to tour the world-famed Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution and the Marine Biological Laboratory.

This week Hirohito is due to visit UN headquarters in New York City then head west to Chicago, California and finally Honolulu, where attacking planes came roaring in nearly 34 years ago.



A royal welcome for an arriving Emperor. Top, armed services honor guard provides salute for Hirohito on White House lawn. Above, a warm greeting from Gerald and Betty Ford. At right, Oriental youngsters hail visitor at airport in Newport News, Va.



At Williamsburg. Top, Hirohito and Empress Nagako tour House of Burgesses. Center, Empress inspects antique printing press. Below, royal couple toss bread into fish pond.

## SPAIN

## A Defiant Franco Answers His Critics

Holding himself stiffly in his sashed and braided blue uniform, Generalissimo Francisco Franco stepped out onto the balcony of the Royal Palace overlooking Madrid's Plaza de Oriente. Instantly, the human sea of 150,000 faithful down below him thrust right arms forward in salute. Then the crowd launched into *Face to the Sun*, the anthem of the right-wing Falangist shopkeepers and tradesmen who sided with Franco when he began his bloody struggle for power 39 years ago and have been unwavering in their support of him ever since. Franco spoke only three minutes in his thin, barely audible voice, but that was all he needed. Spain was under assault by "a leftist Masonic conspiracy," he said, and was a victim of politicking "by certain corrupt countries." But no one, he declared, should forget that "to be Spanish is to be something in the world. *Arriba, España!*" Up with Spain!

**Genuine Fealty.** Only four other times since the end of World War II had Franco felt the need to call for such a massive show of support. His purpose last week was not so much to intimidate the regime's enemies within Spain as to respond defiantly to the paroxysm of anti-Franco rage that swept Western Europe following Madrid's executions of five terrorists convicted of murdering policemen (TIME, Oct. 6). In this he succeeded. Flanked by his wife Carmen and

his heir-designate Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, Western Europe's last remaining dictator was plainly moved by the genuine emotional outpouring of fealty.

Yet the frailty of *el Caudillo*, who has looked all of his 82 years since he suffered a near-fatal illness in mid-1974, was a dramatic reminder of how much more the regime needs to do to relax its often harsh rule and prepare Spain for a smooth transition into a post-Franco era once the Generalissimo dies or, less likely, steps down. At a time when Spain badly needs closer ties with Western Europe to help sustain its rise to prosperity and ease the coming transition, an all but irrational outburst of anti-Spanish emotions in European capitals has left the country more isolated than at any other time since the 1940s.

The demonstrations that first flared up across Europe continued into last week, often turning violent. Mobs besieged embassies and consulates in about a dozen cities. Flames gutted Spain's mission in Lisbon; a bomb exploded in the garden of the embassy in Ankara. In Rome and Milan, angry mobs set fire to Spanish tourist buses, and assaulted shops with Molotov cocktails. Danes smashed the windows of Spain's embassy and trade mission in Copenhagen. Paris was engulfed by the worst outburst of violence since the 1968 stu-

dent demonstrations as peaceful marches by leftists disintegrated into full-fledged rioting.

By midweek every Western European government save Ireland had recalled its ambassador from Madrid or kept him at home for "consultations—gestures of protest against the executions. In Brussels, the Common Market's governing Commission dealt Spain what one official termed "the strongest political rebuff" ever given by the EEC; it recommended suspension of negotiations that had been under way since mid-1973 for a new preferential trade agreement between Spain and the Market. The impact of the EEC's move could be painful as the nine Common Market members buy nearly half of all Spanish exports.

**Death Throes.** While the anti-Spanish street demonstrations were clearly the handiwork of left-wing groups, a much broader spectrum was represented by the astonishing number of political leaders who damned the Spanish regime with rhetoric usually reserved for wartime enemies. Britain's Foreign Secretary, James Callaghan, almost joyfully asserted that the Franco government was in its death throes, and Italian Christian Democrat Paolo Cabras branded the regime "a continuing curse against all free men." Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme described the Madrid government as so many "sa-

MASS RALLY IN MADRID'S PLAZA DE ORIENTE ROARS ITS APPROVAL AS GENERAL FRANCO REPUDIATES FOREIGN CRITICS



## THE WORLD

tanic murderers". Reulf Steen, chairman of Norway's ruling Labor Party, defined the Franco regime as "a black barbarity." Steen implored his countrymen to forgo their winter vacations at Spain's popular resorts: "After what has happened, those who go to Spain to get a suntan ought to be ashamed of themselves."

**Papal Displeasure.** Just about everyone with some claim to public authority seized the opportunity to take a poke at Madrid. In Turkey, Ankara's Mayor Vedat Dalokay not only denounced the Franco regime for having "committed a crime against all humanity," but ordered that the supply of water and electricity to the local Spanish embassy be cut off (the Turkish government quickly overruled him).

Most painful for Franco, perhaps, was the displeasure demonstrated by the Vatican. Pope Paul VI denounced the executions as "murderous repression"—language exceedingly rare for the Holy See to direct toward any state and especially Spain, with which it has long maintained very strong ties.

Within Spain, reaction against the executions was mostly limited to the four Basque provinces in the north. There, a two-day general strike was called to pro-



PARIS: LEFTIST DEMONSTRATORS DENOUNCING MADRID'S EXECUTION OF TERRORISTS

test the executions of the two terrorists who had been members of a Basque separatist organization (see box page 38). Police had to break up protest marches in half a dozen towns. In Algiers, a suburb of Bilbao, six Basques were injured when the Guardia Civil opened fire on demonstrators.

Madrid swiftly reciprocated for Europe's repudiation of Spain. Premier Carlos Arias Navarro denounced the international pressure on Spain to stop the



ROME: ANTI-FRANCO CROWD SHOUTING AND SHAKING FISTS AT SPANISH EMBASSY

FRANKFURT: SPANIARDS & GERMANS JOINING PROTEST



SPANISH TOURIST BUSES BURNING IN ROME



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executions as "an intolerable aggression against Spanish sovereignty." Arias bitterly wondered aloud why there had been "no pious voice" raised for the widows and orphans of the nearly two dozen Spanish policemen killed by terrorists since January 1974.

**Violent Xenophobia.** Arias' statement apparently touched a nerve of the Spanish psyche that has been highly responsive for centuries: a conviction that Spain is different from the rest of Europe and that Europe resents this. As TIME's Madrid bureau chief Gavin Scott reports, many Spaniards see their country as being attacked from abroad simply because it is determined to "follow its own road." Some of the banners at the mass rally mirrored this feeling: "When will Europe stop envying Spain?" asked one. Another crudely depicted a Spaniard defecating on a map of Europe.

At times last week this xenophobia became violent. While Franco addressed the rally, gangs of rightist youths roamed Madrid's streets, roughing up foreigners. Windows were smashed at the posh Castellana Hotel, apparently for no reason other than that the main entrance was flanked by poles flying foreign flags. The U.S., which did not join in the international denunciations, was pointedly spared such treatment. One group of young Franco supporters paused during a march in Madrid's diplomatic quarter to shake hands with the machine-gun-toting Spanish policemen guarding the U.S. embassy.

In fact, the U.S. found itself in an uncomfortable position. The executions occurred just as Secretary of State Henry



FRANCO & HIS HEIR-DESIGNATE, PRINCE JUAN CARLOS, SALUTING MADRID RALLY  
"To be Spanish is to be something in the world."

Kissinger was about to sit down with Spanish Foreign Minister Pedro Cortina Mauri in New York to continue negotiations for a new "friendship and cooperation" agreement between the two countries. At stake for the U.S. are its three Spanish airbases, which would be needed if the U.S. had to resupply Israel or counter Soviet intervention in the event of another Middle East war. And its nuclear submarine base at Rota. These installations, argue American officials, will also give Washington lever-

age in influencing Spain's transition to the post-Franco era. For Spain, the accord means about \$750 million in military and economic aid, plus what Madrid sees as the implication of acceptance that goes with a military arrangement with the U.S.

When Washington did finally issue a statement on the executions, it was carefully phrased to refer to the acts by the terrorists as well as the death sentences, expressing regret at "the cycle of violence that led to this tragic outcome." U.S. officials pointedly and persuasively note that those executed were shot not for political or ideological "crimes" but because they had cold-bloodedly killed policemen. To be sure, the hasty trial they received in Spain's military courts scarcely qualifies as justice according to Anglo-American standards. Yet, the terrorist organizations to which they belonged have openly declared their aim to harass the Franco government by killing police officials. This is a policy that would surely not be tolerated by any European country. Expressing a sentiment that ought to be valid for all European states, an East bloc diplomat last week observed: "Communist countries don't like cop killers, no matter what their politics."

**Brutal Act.** Why then has Western Europe reacted with such intensity to the events in Spain? In some cases the executions merely triggered a long-harbored contempt for the Madrid government. As Britain's James Callaghan put it last week, "Spain's self-inflicted isolation is brought about not just by a single act of brutality, but by injustices over a generation or more."

Historians estimate that in the first five years of the Franco regime, some 200,000 Republicans were executed or died in prison. But Spain has changed a

## Communist Dissidents: The Memory Hole

The readiness of many Westerners, from political leaders to street demonstrators, to denounce repression in Spain is rarely extended to the totalitarian Communist countries. Yet from their very beginnings, the Eastern European regimes made a practice of coldly liquidating their opponents on charges of "terrorism"—usually fabricated. Even today these regimes hold political executions on occasion (almost never announced), while the most peaceful forms of ideological, religious and national dissent are still punished by long terms at hard labor. The most compelling example: the Ukrainian nationalists in the Soviet Union. Unlike the Basque separatists in Spain, they call for nothing more radical than the wider use of the Ukrainian language in schools and other forms of cultural autonomy for their 48.5 million countrymen. For this, hundreds of Ukrainians in the past decade have been sentenced to terms of up to 14 years in camps or committed

to prison lunatic asylums. Still, the names of Valentyn Moroz, Leonid Plyushch, Ivan Svitlychny, Ihor and Iryna Kalyneits and other Ukrainian political prisoners are scarcely known in the West. Elsewhere in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, other obscure and often heroic dissidents have also disappeared with equal finality into what George Orwell called "the memory hole."

Only one case in a Communist country has provoked Western outrage commensurate with the reaction to the Spanish executions. That was when the death penalty was imposed on two out of eleven would-be hijackers in Leningrad in 1970. Western leaders chorused appeals for clemency. The Soviet supreme court ultimately commuted the sentences to 15 years at hard labor. Ironically, the Soviet decision was prompted less by the worldwide protest than by Franco's decision to commute the death sentences of six Basque nationalists scheduled to die at the same time.

## THE WORLD

great deal since the 1930s. Although it remains very much a dictatorship, what keeps most Spaniards loyal to the regime is not repression but prosperity. Since 1960, the country has had "only" 13 executions, including the latest five. While that record scarcely qualifies the Franco regime as a pioneer in civil liberties, the situation is far worse in Communist dictatorships, where political dissidents are frequently committed to a living death in secret police-run "mental hospitals" with much less outraged

notice in the West (see box page 37).

Thus the eagerness with which Western Europe pounced on Madrid may be comprehensible only as an almost psychological need to repudiate Franco totally and finally. This may be, in part, the catharsis by which the West purges itself of guilt for having tolerated and even courted Franco when his anti-Communism was prized during the cold war. Reports TIME's Paris-based chief European correspondent, William Rademakers: "There is much more

emotion in this than logic. Franco remains a very special *bête noire* to most of Europe's leaders and to the leftist elite. Some of them, like the British union boss Jack Jones and Italy's Socialist leader Pietro Nenni, fought for the Republicans during the Spanish Civil War. Others were students that era and grew up on a steady diet of real or imagined Franco atrocities.

"It is highly unlikely that all this furor will bring about Franco's demise. But if it did, what would be the cost to

## The Basques: 'No One Is Neutral'

ANGEL YOU HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN. So reads a crude sign on the side of a furniture plant near Nuarbe, a mountainside hamlet deep in Basque country 220 miles northeast of Madrid. The sign refers to Angel Otaegui, 33, a Basque terrorist who was executed by a firing squad a week ago for his part in the killing of a Spanish policeman. The return of his body to Nuarbe, where it was buried at night in the local cemetery by the light of lanterns, transformed the village into the focus of a small, poignant political pilgrimage. Hundreds of Basques struggled up a steep slope to the burial place every day last week. Women left flowers; young peasants took photographs; priests led small groups in prayer. None of the 100 policemen occupying the town—"the Spanish," residents called them—dared remove the red, white and green Basque flag that covered the rocky grave.

Otaegui, who worked as a mechanic in Azpeitia, had been a clandestine member of the E.T.A. for five years. This terrorist organization has not only spearheaded resistance to what Basques call "Hispanicization," but also won a deserved international reputation as the most violent and daring Spanish group opposing Francisco Franco's regime. Six E.T.A. terrorists were sentenced to death in 1970 for kidnapping a West German consul in San Sebastián, but were reprieved at the last moment. It was an E.T.A. cell that assassinated Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, Franco's last Premier, in Madrid in 1973. Currently, 15 E.T.A. members are under detention for a wide variety of capital cases.

Though not all of the 2 million Basques inhabiting four provinces in Spain's northeast corner agree with the group's methods, the E.T.A.'s aims reflect a centuries-old aspiration

of the Basque people for independence—or at least greater autonomy. The organization's initials stand for *Euzkadi Ta Azkatasuna*—which means "Basque Land and Liberty"—in the region's unique, highly inflected language. The origins of the Basques, who have lived in their present Iberian habitat for at least 5,000 years, are unknown; they seem to have no ethnic connection with any other tribe in Europe.

Basque warriors managed to keep successive invading waves of Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths and Franks out of their fastnesses in the Pyrenees, and they were the only tribe in Europe that ever defeated the Frankish King Charlemagne. A Basque independent republic flourished briefly in 1936 during the Spanish Civil War, but Hitler's Stuka dive-bombers crushed it in the rubble of Guernica, thus assuring the dictatorial control of all Spain by Franco.

ANGEL OTAEGUI'S MOTHER WEEPS AT HIS GRAVE IN NUARBE



Since then, Basque resentment of Madrid has not been merely an emotional reaction to cultural imperialism. The Basques want restoration of the right to set their own tax and economic policies that they lost after the Civil War; they are also seriously underrepresented in Madrid's government councils. The fundamental grievance of the Basques is symptomatic of Spain's political malaise: too much control from the center.

Now, that control is once again in question—and it is the Basques who have done most to bring it about. "For the first time since I got here, people are openly and seriously comparing this to the pre-Civil War situation in 1936," said one diplomat in Bilbao, the Basque country's thriving commercial center (shipbuilding, banking, chemicals, paper, furniture). Adds an official of the conservative Basque Nationalist Party: "There is a feeling that we are at the end of Francoism. We must hurry and prepare for the succession."

Yet the E.T.A. itself is going through one of the roughest periods in its 22-year history. At least half of its top leadership has been jailed or killed in shootouts with police, and a split has developed between moderates, who stress political and diplomatic action and the more violent "military" wing. The sign that the military wing is winning the debate came last week in a promise issued by E.T.A. officials in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, just across the French border, that the E.T.A. would avenge the executions of its members by striking back at "political leaders of the Franco regime." Silent support for such a bloody strategy seems to be rapidly growing among the Basques. "No one is neutral any more," said one Basque lawyer to TIME Correspondent George Taber in Bilbao last week. "Franco has polarized everyone here. You're either pro-E.T.A. or pro-Franco and there aren't many of the latter."

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Spain? No one in Europe is sure. What is worse, no one seems to care. The object of the exercise is to get Franco. The romantic memories of the International Brigades and the frustrations of four decades have finally coalesced in one hate-object that binds together Western Europe's Communists, Socialists, students, Cabinet ministers and Premiers. Ironically, Franco has managed to do what Hungary and Czechoslovakia could not—unite Europe in a common cause."

The anti-Spanish furor has probably had an effect opposite the one intended. Not only has much of the country rallied around its *Caudillo*, but the more conservative cliques in Madrid appear strengthened. "Any way you look at it," moaned an aide to Premier Arias, "the executions and reaction to them are a big step backward for Spain and her evolution to democracy."

**Angry Police.** Further bolstering the conservatives was the public's horrified reaction to a new outburst of terrorism. Just a few hours before the Plaza de Oriente rally, four policemen, guarding banks in different parts of the capital, were shot by terrorists believed to belong to a tiny Marxist urban-guerrilla group called the Revolutionary Anti-Fascist Patriotic Front (FRAP). Three policemen died; a fourth remained in critical condition at week's end. At the funeral for the three patrolmen, thousands of angry police booted Premier Arias. "You wanted to open Spain up politically, and this is the price we are paying!" the officers shouted at the weeping Premier. "Resign! If you have any honor left, resign!"

While the Premier will almost certainly retain his post, all hope seems gone for any new liberalizing initiatives in the near future. Every day brings the country closer to that inevitable moment when Franco will no longer be able to rule. In theory, the succession is well established: in 1969 Prince Juan Carlos, now 37, was designated Franco's heir in a restored monarchy. Yet even when he is given his crown, it will be questionable whether he will also acquire Franco's ability to divide and rule the coalition of rightist groups that has run Spain since the Civil War: hard-line Falangists, conservative Catholics, reformist technocrats and the military.

Without a strong government in the post-Franco period, there is the danger of a violent clash of extremists. Leading the extreme right would be the Falange, backed by reactionary youth groups like the Guerrillas of Christ the King. On the extreme left would be fringe groups like the FRAP and the increasingly important Junta Democrática. Although the Junta claims to be a broad-based organization containing leftists and centrists, U.S. experts believe that it is merely a front for the outlawed Spanish Communist Party and is controlled by Party First Secretary Santiago Carrillo, who lives in exile in Paris. Spanish moderates fear that the Junta

has already infiltrated some of the country's most important trade unions and key professional groups. The Basque separatists would probably back the radical left in a clash with the right.

The possibility of violence among the factions terrifies most Spaniards and thus makes it more remote. Although 70% of Spain's population today is under 40, even younger Spaniards who did not go through the three-year Civil War have heard too many tales about it to want the kind of violence that could once again turn family against family as well as jeopardize the economic and social gains of the past 15 years. At the outbreak of the civil war, the middle class accounted for only 18% of the popula-

tion; today it is about 50%—some 16 million people with a big stake in political stability.

Franco may be able to protect that stake if he quickly takes bolder steps to prepare the political transition and allows some moderate opposition forces to participate in the government.

One course to bring about a smoother transfer of power might be for Franco to step down soon and use his enormous prestige to help a fledgling government get established. More terrorism within Spain and continued ostracism by the rest of Europe may well convince *el Caudillo* that he is still indispensable and must remain at his post until a possibly bitter end.



LEFTISTS PROTESTING BROADCAST STATION SEIZURES AT LISBON INFORMATION MINISTRY

## PORUGAL

# A Cry for 'Discipline! Discipline!'

The honeymoon ended quickly for Portugal's new government—if, indeed, it had ever begun. Last week, less than three weeks after Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo was sworn in as head of the Sixth Provisional Government, Lisbon was swept with rumors of impending coups by extremists on both ends of the country's wide political spectrum. First the Socialists, largest of the three parties in the Pinheiro de Azevedo coalition, issued communiques warning of an imminent leftist attack on the Premier. Almost immediately the Communists countered with an equally alarming communiqué suggesting that "when certain forces announce a coup from the left, it can be suspected that there is a coup from the right in preparation." At week's end Pinheiro de Azevedo's regime was still in power. But no one was willing to pre-

dict how long it would last, even though it was the first Cabinet since the revolution that has even come close to representing Portugal's non-Communist majority.

The exchange of coup threats between Communists and Socialists culminated in a severe spate of military and civilian disorder. It began with a series of violent protests by veterans of Portugal's African wars. They included an abortive attempt to kidnap the Pinheiro de Azevedo Cabinet and peaked when a leftist mob looted and burned the Spanish embassy, consulate and ambassador's residence in Lisbon, causing some \$22 million in damages.

**No Takeover.** Angered by the fact that the rioters had been egged on by the country's leftist-controlled radio and television stations, the Premier ordered the military to seize Portugal's broad-

## THE WORLD

casting facilities and allow only government press releases and news agency reports to be aired. But many of the soldiers who were sent to occupy the stations joined forces with the leftist broadcasters and refused to carry out the takeover order. Two days later, Pinheiro de Azevedo had the troops withdrawn and asked the networks to comply voluntarily with the censorship rules. Most of the stations agreed to tone down their antigovernment broadcasts.

**Whose Drum?** The mini-mutiny raised a question that is being asked more and more frequently in Portugal: To whose drum are the soldiers marching? Most of the military forces in northern Portugal still support the government, but units in the south are openly rebellious, and the two-camp situation could easily degenerate into civil war. Last week extreme leftist army commands were distributing arms to civilians in the south. At least 30,000 weapons have been stolen from the military, perhaps without much resistance, since the beginning of the revolution, and most of them are in the hands of leftists. When an officer of COPCON, Portugal's internal-security police, recently admitted that he had given 1,500 automatic rifles to left-wing civilians, General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, COPCON's openly radical chief, implicitly defended him by boasting: "If there were a revolution, I would arm the people myself." Saraiva de Carvalho, who has given only tentative support to the Pinheiro de Azevedo government, has also warned: "If I see a turn to the right, I will enter the opposition."

But even that is not certain. Says a Western diplomat of Saraiva de Carvalho: "He wants to run with the hare and ride with the hounds." As COPCON chief

Saraiva de Carvalho was responsible for enforcing the Premier's order to seize the broadcasting stations. When he met with the radio and television network chiefs at the Ministry of Information early in the week, he strongly urged compliance and scoured them for creating the kind of tense political climate that could lead to a right-wing coup. Later, when confronted by a leftist mob outside the ministry, he silenced their jeers by saying that he was only carrying out orders, when the crowd suggested that he join them in a protest march on the Premier's palace, the compulsively agreeable COPCON boss quickly obliged.

The only bright prospect for the Pinheiro de Azevedo government is that it will soon start receiving financial and technical help from abroad. As long as the pro-Communist regime of Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves remained in power, the U.S. and Western European governments held back. Now, Western nations are prepared to discuss aid programs which, for a start, could total more than \$200 million.

While political *aficionados* continue to feud over Portugal's swings to the left and turns to the right, the ordinary Portuguese is simply trying to negotiate a straight line home, where he shuts himself in at night with his wife and children and hopes that the country will still be there when he gets up in the morning. The most popular rallying cry of last week's many demonstrations was one that was chanted by 40,000 Portuguese at a pro-government demonstration organized by Socialist Party Leader Mário Soares: "Discipline! Discipline! Discipline!" As yet unfortunately, the Pinheiro de Azevedo regime has not shown that it can fulfill that mandate.

## Big Daddy at the U.N.

Decked out in his field marshal's regalia, Uganda's President Idi Amin Dada last week made what must rank as one of the most bizarre debuts ever seen and heard in the United Nations General Assembly. In a prepared address, read by his U.N. delegate, Amin charged that the U.S. had been "colonized by Zionists" and called for "the extinction of Israel as a state." At one point or another, Amin scoured the British (for the "terrible situation" in Ulster), the CIA ("a murder squad") and American blacks (they are responsible for their own "perpetual subjugation"). What did Amin like? Beyond Washington's more conciliatory Third World policy, which he said "has lit, cleansed and inspired" the developing countries, his approval seemed limited to Uganda's tourist attractions. They included the unforgettable *waregi* (a local gin-and-vodka concoction) and "rare, huge but extremely shy gorillas."



## MIDDLE EAST

# A New October War of Words

The most prominent victim so far of Henry Kissinger's interim agreement in the Sinai turns out to be the Arab unity that was forged so tightly in the 1973 October War. Egypt and Syria, the two principal "confrontation nations" in that war, last week continued a campaign of vilification against each other that is turning into a new October war of words. Syria is angry because Egyptian President Anwar Sadat agreed to the Kissinger accord on Sinai. Egypt is furious at the unexpected fury of the Syrian assault.

Egyptian newspapers, attacking Syria and its charges of a "sellout" by Cairo, claimed that Damascus had gallantly sought a truce on the first day of the 1973 war. Sadat pointed out that the Sinai agreement included pledges from President Ford for continuing talks on the Syrian situation and the Palestinian issue. Syria's reply verged on the irrational. The Syrians accused Egypt, for instance, of fanning the internal fighting that has gripped Lebanon so that Cairo could take over its role as the financial hub of the Middle East.

**Second Thoughts.** The Syrian arguments were really not as irrational as they seemed to be. With the United Nations' peace-keeping mandate on the Israeli-Syrian border due to expire on Nov. 30, and Kissinger committed to second-stage disengagement negotiations there, Damascus appeared mainly to be staking out a hard bargaining position.

In an interview with *TIME* Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter in New York last week, Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam accepted almost nothing that Kissinger has negotiated. As for the Sinai agreement, Khaddam observed that "we do not find that Egypt has achieved anything." He also predicted that the U.S. would have second thoughts about the cost of its commitments. "If a withdrawal from 5% of the Sinai and 1% of the total occupied Arab territory has proved to be expensive, what is the price that must be paid for the remaining 99%?"

Khaddam insisted that Damascus would not enter into separate negotiations on the Golan Heights: "We have rejected the policy of fragmenting the negotiations." He also thought little of the idea of resuming the Geneva Conference, which he felt would soon degenerate into "a site for exchanging speeches." The next step for the U.S., he felt, would be "to cancel the Sinai agreement and go back and discuss a comprehensive settlement." That at least was a sign the Syrians would be ready to sit down—somewhere, sometime—and start to talk peace in earnest.

A Polaroid SX-70 camera is shown from a three-quarter perspective, angled towards the viewer. A person's hand is visible, pressing the central red button on the camera. A Polaroid print is emerging from the bottom of the camera, partially visible. The camera is white with a black lens and a black flash unit attached. The text "POLAROID SX-70 LAND CAMERA" is printed on the side of the camera body.

This is what  
picture-taking  
should have  
been  
all along.

Polaroid's SX-70. Press the button and there it is.



# But which SX-70?

## The luxury model with all the features? Or the one at about $\frac{1}{2}$ the price?

Choose the SX-70 on the far left, and you've bought yourself the world's most extraordinary camera in its most elegant form, with a brushed chrome finish and a luxurious wrap of genuine leather. This is the original SX-70, the camera that changed forever the way pictures are taken and developed.

All the history-making SX-70 features are incorporated in this deluxe model. The pictures are ejected instantly and develop themselves. You watch them come to life in minutes

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looks like genuine leather, but it isn't. This model has a different viewing system. Instead of focusing through the lens, you estimate the distance and set it. It accepts some of the attachments, but not all of them.

But the Model 3 performs brilliantly, delivering beautiful SX-70 pictures that develop as you watch.

Whichever you choose (and your dealer offers an in-between model, too) you'll discover what millions of SX-70 Land camera owners already know: this is what picture-taking should have been all along.

# Polaroid

*The SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the deluxe model. The photograph on the right was taken by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both*



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There are any number of luxury sedans—both European and domestic—that proudly offer unbounded opulence for people willing to pay the price.

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## Secrets Out Technicians In

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's interim Sinai agreement moved a significant step closer to congressional approval last week. Even as it did, one important and widely publicized clause in it already appeared to be in peril. The U.S. will not, after all, provide medium-range Pershing missiles to Israel as Kissinger had promised.

**No Warning.** The Pershings, whose 460-mile range would have provided Israel with a highly potent deterrent, were limited under Kissinger's agreement to use with conventional warheads. Even so, Arab states were alarmed that Israel might tip the missiles instead with nuclear warheads. Defense Secretary James Schlesinger was also disturbed by the Kissinger understanding. The Pentagon insisted that it had no warning that Kissinger would commit the U.S. to Pershings for Israel until the Secretary returned home with the Sinai agreement two months ago. As part of the accord, Kissinger had pledged the U.S. to "an early meeting to undertake a joint study of high technology and sophisticated items, including the Pershing ground-to-ground missile with conventional warheads."

An obvious complication in supplying the missiles was that the U.S. production line that had been turning out the Pershing had long since been shut down. The alternative was to shift Pershings to Israel from Europe, where they are attached to NATO. Touring military bases in Europe last week, Schlesinger met with General Alexander Haig, commander of NATO forces—and, ironically, Kissinger's one-time closest aide—who insisted that the removal of the missiles would create a serious hole in NATO's counterstrike firepower against a Soviet assault. Haig was backed by U.S. European allies.

SYRIA'S ABDEL HALIM KHADDAM



Apart from the Pershing obstacle, the Secretary of State's Sinai accord was all but certain of swift approval after a final congressional roadblock was removed last week. Following meetings with Kissinger, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee released official texts of the agreements the Secretary had worked out with Israel and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. The release contained no surprises: the various protocols promising military, economic or diplomatic support to each side had all been leaked earlier. The reason that Kissinger had not wanted them published was to preserve the principle of confidentiality in international negotiations. On the strength of the official publication and the pledge that no other promises were still secret, Congress was satisfied enough to move toward a vote to ratify the assignment of 200 electronics technicians to the Sinai to monitor the Egyptian-Israeli truce there. A House vote of approval is expected this week; the Senate vote will follow. Oil experts from Egypt are then set to move into the Sinai oilfields, later than the original Oct. 5 date specified in the Kissinger negotiations but not too late to imperil the agreement itself.

## BRITAIN

### The Red House Raid

Residents of the quiet Derbyshire village of Parwich, 110 miles north of London, had been curious for weeks about what was going on at "White Meadows," a red brick Edwardian mansion just outside of town. When it was sold last spring, its name was changed to "The Red House." Guards patrolled the grounds, and no one from the place so much as set foot in the Sycamore Arms, the local pub. Late one night last week they found out. Switching on powerful floodlights, a force of 100 policemen raided the three-story house. While they made no arrests, they claimed to have made some interesting discoveries: nine .22-cal. bullets in a stairway cupboard (but no guns), books by Lenin, Marx and Engels, and 50 assorted members of a tiny Trotskyite group, called the Workers' Revolutionary Party, engaged in a political conversation. The party's most celebrated member: Activist-Activist Vanessa Redgrave.

La Redgrave, 38, is nothing if not determined. In last year's general elections, she polled a miserable 572 votes as a W.R.P. candidate in a London working-class district. Instead of dropping out of left-wing politics, she decided to focus her political consciousness-raising efforts on other actors. This summer, she and her brother Corin, 36, opened a clandestine school for revolutionaries in the Parwich house, which he bought on behalf of the party for \$46,000. For a two-week course in the W.R.P.'s avowed aim, "the overthrow



IRENE GORST (LEFT); VANESSA REDGRAVE

TROTSKYITES GORST & REDGRAVE  
Creating a cause célèbre.

of capitalism," students are charged \$60 and asked to observe strict rules, which include keeping blankets and sleeping bags folded neatly on the beds and staying out of the Sycamore Arms.

Who ratted on the Redgraves? It turned out to be W.R.P. Recruit No. 5005, better known to British TV and stage audiences as Irene Gorst, 28, a rising comedienne. The cops descended on the Red House soon after Gorst went to the London *Observer* with a tale about an "ordeal" she had suffered there at the hands of the Redgraves and their comrades. As she told it, she arrived late for the beginning of her two-week course at the Red House because an old beau had whisked her off to Maidenhead for lunch. This infraction of party discipline outraged the Redgraves, especially Brother Corin, who was then Irene Gorst's boy friend.

**Eyebrow Pencil.** She was interrogated for seven hours by the Redgraves and two other members of the W.R.P.'s central committee, who accused her of being a spy for the Special Branch (Britain's FBI). Corin added that she was "bourgeois, middle class and arrogant" besides. Gorst recalled that they made her empty her handbag and TV Producer Roy Battersby seemed particularly interested in her eyebrow pencil: "He kept peering down it as if he expected to discover a hidden microphone."

Gorst flung the ultimate Trotskyite insult at the Redgraves: "They are totally Stalinist." Vanessa, for her part, struggled to cast the Red House raid as a *cause célèbre*. The police bust, she eagerly insisted during TV interviews, was "the biggest political attack on any political party since the offices of the *Daily Worker* were raided in 1945."

## PEOPLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SIEGEL

Is the call of the wild too tempting for a newly tamed **Richard Burton**? On a safari around southern Africa with **Elizabeth Taylor**, 43, as part of the couple's trial reconciliation. Burton, 49, let his primitive instincts emerge. So noted Johannesburg newsmen, who rumored that he swiped a passing paw at a local beauty. Then, enraged when Liz was asked for a dance at a charity ball, Burton, said the press, turned Tarzan and threatened to punch the man out. Can it be that Burton's only fuel was passion? Supposedly on the wagon, the actor was observed taking a slug of whisky in a local restaurant. "Purely malicious," scoffed Burton about the rumor. To prove it, he auctioned off a set of beer mugs marked "Hiz" and "Liz" from the couple's Swiss home. Said Burton: "These were a marriage gift. I used them a lot when I was in the habit of having a nightcap at 8:30 in the morning."

**Elaine Steinbeck** tapped virtually every source in her effort to gather the 5,000 or so letters written by her husband. Novelist **John Steinbeck**, to publish in her forthcoming book, *Steinbeck: A Life in Letters* (Viking, \$15). "There was one source we missed," says the author's widow. "We never thought of the CIA." John Steinbeck's name turned up recently on a list of prominent U.S. citizens whose foreign correspondence had been opened and copied by the agency. Even without the CIA's help, Steinbeck and collaborator **Robert Wallsten**, a family friend and writer, have put together about 700 chronological letters to friends, family, wives, girl friends, children—even Presidents. "John wrote about politics, sex, love, child rearing—just everything," reveals his widow, Mrs. Steinbeck, who will discuss the book with the ex-New York City may-

or and rookie interviewer **John Lindsay** on ABC's *AM America*, says that the latter letters show a "mature and simple style." But the early stuff, written when Steinbeck was in his 20s, is "purple prose."

"They'll get you in East Hampton for wearing red shoes on a Thursday," complains **Edith Beale**, 58, cousin of **Jacqueline Onassis** and **Lee Radziwill**. Three years ago, Edith and her mother, **Edith Bouvier Beale**, 80, were threatened with eviction from their decaying, cat- and raccoon-infested mansion in the plush Long Island resort town until Jackie and

OLIVIER IN *MARATHON MAN*

Lee provided \$4,000 to clean the place up. The two eccentric recluses, who get by on the remnants of family money, are the subject of a documentary by Film Makers **David** and **Albert Maysles** (*Salesman, Gimme Shelter*). The movie *Grey Gardens*, a B-grade cross between *The Glass Menagerie* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, had its premiere last week at the New York Film Festival. "The Beales resent Jackie and Lee for cleaning the place up," insists David Maysles. Still, the mother and daughter designed to accept Jackie's castoff clothes—and even to model them rather ingeniously in the film.

The familiar sonorous voice and stately presence never seem quite right in a thriller. Yet at 68, **Laurence Olivier** is again swapping the stage for the cinema and co-starring with **Dustin Hoffman** in Paramount's forthcoming spy-flick, *Marathon Man*. Olivier plays the part of a professional assassin and is scheduled to sprint about Manhattan next month in the filming of a chase scene. Such sprightly plans are rather extraordinary for a man who has been fighting a long battle against cancer of the prostate, thrombosis, and other serious ailments. Confided Olivier optimistically to a friend last summer: "I am going through an extremely tricky situation of trying to recover and get strong again after a lengthy illness."

Visiting friends in Hawaii, the widow of a second American writer, **Mary Hemingway**, dropped by to view the filming of *Islands in the Stream*, Ernest Hemingway's semi-autobiographical novel published after his death. She gave sound approval to actor **George C. Scott** who plays the hero Thomas Hudson. Says Hemingway: "He has a most skillful and talented manner." But she refrained from any other opinions about the production. Insists "Miss Mary": "For me to tell those movie people anything at all would be like a salesperson selling a dress and then telling the customer how it should be worn. It would be frightfully bad manners."



EDITH BEALE AT PREMIERE



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RAPIST PHOTOGRAPHED IN ACTION  
(TOP): SOPHIA LOREN & ELEANORA  
BROWNE AS RAPE VICTIMS IN TWO WOMEN

## Revolt Against RAPE

*One of the reasons that men continue to rape is that they continue to get away with it*

—Author Susan Brownmiller

The statistics back up Brownmiller's conclusion. More than 55,000 American women reported being raped last year. Official estimates say unreported rapes would place the figure at least three times as high, and some analysts claim as many as 500,000 people a year are attacked by rapists. Yet few rapists, perhaps 2% of offenders, are actually convicted and jailed.

At the very least, society is beginning more and more to consider rape one of the major social issues. First emphasized in the feminist press, the subject of rape slowly percolated into popular women's magazines and then into the rest of the press and television. At more than 500 "speak-outs" and conferences on rape in the past year alone and at more than 150 rape crisis centers set up by the feminist movement

since 1973, women have been raising an increasing clamor for reform.

Slowly, government has been responding. In dozens of cities women have participated in rape investigations and packed police and hospital personnel off to sensitivity training courses to erase a traditional image: the snickering male authority who believes the victim "was asking for it." The Government is now pouring millions of dollars into research on the rape problem and care for victims. Seventeen states have barred courtroom inquiries into a rape victim's previous sex life on the ground that it is not pertinent. New York eliminated a requirement for corroborating evidence. In pushing through the change, feminists won the support of civil liberties groups, an unusual step for organizations devoted largely to the rights of defendants.

These measures have done little to assuage the growing anger of many American women, who look upon the rape problem not as one feminist cause among many, but as a metaphor for all suffering at the hands of men. Some women wear CASTRATE RAPISTS buttons. In Florida this year, feminists tracked and beat up a rape suspect who allegedly preyed on lonely women in singles bars. Some mutter darkly about assassinating rapists if the courts will not convict. Feminists made a national *cause célèbre* out of the case of Joan Little, the black woman acquitted of murder in the stabbing of a jailer who she says attacked her sexually. When Inez Garcia, a Chicano woman in Soledad Calif., shot a man to death 27 minutes after he allegedly held her down during a rape, a smattering of feminists loudly applauded the act. Though troubled by this vigilante version of justice, Feminist Gloria Steinem asked: "But what do we do with our rage?"

One possible answer: write a book. Indeed, for more than four years, some feminists have been waiting for The Book: Journalist Brownmiller's forthcoming study of rape. ("It's one of the two books I lay awake nights lustfully after," said a woman editor in the *Village Voice*.) A week before publication, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (Simon & Schuster: \$10.95) is already a major event: it is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November, is being serialized in four national magazines and will be promoted on a nationwide tour. All this is likely to make Brownmiller the first rape celebrity who is neither a rapist nor a rapee.

The book's thesis, startling to those who have not closely followed recent trends in the feminist movement: rape is not a random act by deviant or troubled men, but a worldwide social mechanism by which men control women. Says Brownmiller: "It is nothing more

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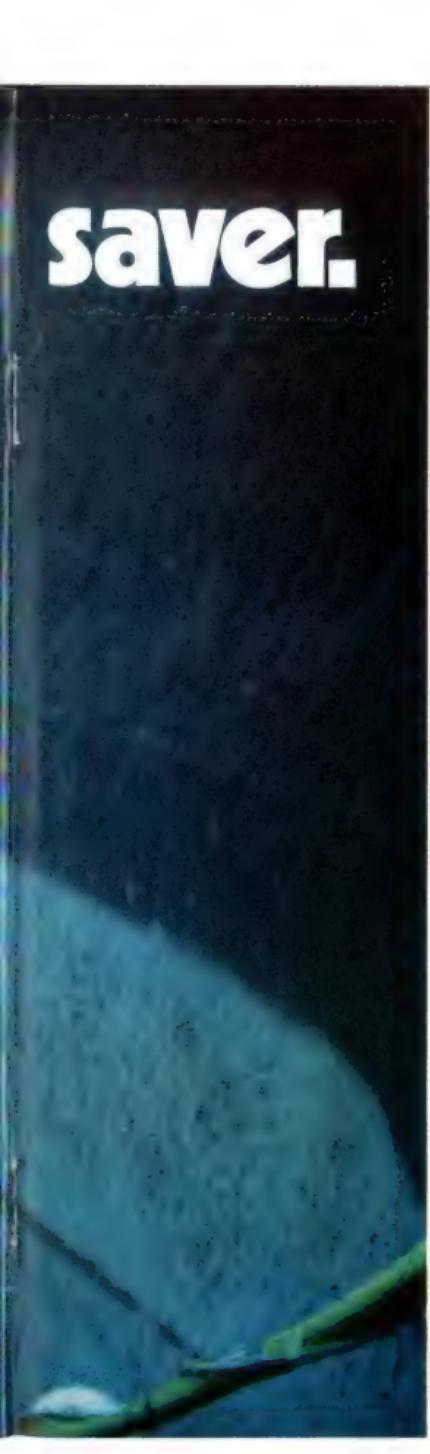
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# New energy



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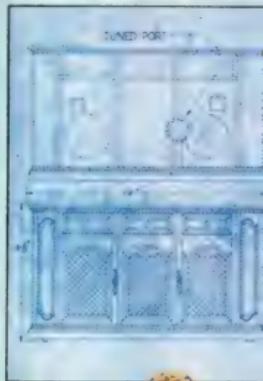
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The quality goes in before the cover comes out.

## THE SEXES

or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear. Rather than society's aberrants or "spoilers of purity," men who commit rape have served in effect as front-line masculine shock troops, terrorist guerrillas in the longest sustained battle the world has ever known."

In Brownmiller's view, civilization is in fact built upon rape. When primitive man realized he could force intercourse while women could not, "this single factor may have been sufficient to have caused the creation of a male ideology of rape. When men discovered that they could rape, they proceeded to do it.... Man's discovery that his genitalia could serve as a weapon to generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of prehistoric times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe."

She thinks that early woman struck "the risky bargain" of accepting domination by a single male to prevent wholesale rape, thus leading to a rudimentary mate-protectorate and then to patriarchy. Women became property, acquired either through raiding other tribes or purchasing a daughter from a father in one's own tribe. Rape entered the law as a property crime. Brownmiller insists that to this day the law treats rape primarily as a violation of male

rights of possession. Today rape is aggression against the female's "owner" as well as a reminder of male dominance.

In piling up historical and anthropological data, Brownmiller paints a convincing and awesome portrait of men's cruelty to women. The ancient Babylonians and Hebrews routinely executed married rape victims along with those who attacked them. The Hebrews also stoned to death any virgin raped within the city walls—on grounds that sound suspiciously modern: if the virgin had not wanted the sex, she would have screamed and been rescued in time. An Assyrian whose virgin daughter was raped was entitled to gain justice by raping the attacker's wife. The chivalry of medieval knights included the notion that unescorted women of the nobility could not be molested, but women of lower station were fair game.

In war, Brownmiller argues, women are usually the biggest losers—the targets of savage rape, mutilation and torture, or simply part of the natural rewards enjoyed by invaders. She also sees rape as a conscious military tactic to break the will of a civilian population (e.g., the actions of the German army in Belgium and France at the start of World War I). Gang rape appears throughout history as a recurring punishment. The Mundurucu Indians of



POSTERS OF RAPE SUSPECTS  
The casual war.

Brazil prescribed gang rape for any woman who spied on the sacred musical instruments used by men. Missourians gang-raped Mormon women in driving the sect out of the state in 1838. Among some American bike and youth gangs today, gang rape is standard punishment for infractions by females.

The rape of males in prison is also used by Brownmiller to help advance her thesis: rape is primarily an act of power, not of sex. Most penal experts agree that rape is part of the system of establishing the power structure in many jails; a prisoner will either rape or be raped. Sodomy is so important to prison society, Brownmiller says, that even if prisoners were allowed sex with visiting wives or girl friends, homosexual rape would continue.

Brownmiller is ingenious in discerning the pro-rape message in today's culture: rock stars who feature abuse of females in their routines, comic books that dwell on images of bound women, men's magazines and women's romance magazines that feed rape fantasies, the obvious hostility to women that frequently shows up in male pornography, much of it devoted to bondage and sadism. In Roger Vadim's recent film *Charlotte*, the heroine voluntarily submits to murder during sex. (Last week there was growing suspicion that some film producers were outdoing Vadim's fantasies: New York police and the FBI revealed that they were investigating persistent reports that underworld figures are discreetly, and at prices as high as \$1,500, renting out "snuff films"—pornographic movies culminating in the actual murder of a woman.)

The depth of such anti-female hostility in great numbers of normal, well-adjusted males is poorly understood by men. As Germaine Greer writes: "The

## BROWN MILLER'S BIG CHANCE

"I'm grateful to the Movement for giving me a channel, a constructive way to use my rage," says Susan Brownmiller, 40, a veteran journalist and one of the brightest and angriest of America's feminists.

Brownmiller lives alone in an "early bourgeois" Greenwich Village apartment, leads a spartan, work-centered life and has no hobbies. A native of Brooklyn, Brownmiller attended Cornell, leaving before graduation to study acting in Manhattan. She appeared in two off-Broadway plays and worked as a *Newsweek* researcher. Studying nights at the Jefferson School of Social Science, she took a course taught by Herbert Aptheker, the American Communist historian and specialist in Southern studies. In the historian's thunderous lectures on white exploitation of Southern blacks, including the abuse of black women, Brownmiller recalls, "I heard for the first time in my life that rape was a political act." She joined the civil rights movement, working two years in Mississippi as a summer volunteer. After a brief stint as a TV reporter in Philadelphia, she signed on as a *Village Voice* staff writer.

In the late '60s, she was invited to one of the first feminist groups in New York. At the session were Shulamith Firestone, Ellen Willis and Robin Morgan, now all familiar names in feminist

circles. "All of a sudden I knew I was home," says Brownmiller. "I knew I was where I belonged." As a member of the New York Radical Feminists, she was a prime mover behind two major feminist meetings: a conference on prostitution and a 1971 speak-out on rape. Laying out the program on rape, she thought, "My God, I'm organizing a book!"

She thought the book would take six months to research and six to write. Instead, it took four years. Says Brownmiller: "The years of apprenticeship had been for this one chance, this one crack at it. Whatever I've been in my life is in that book."





DETAIL FROM RUBENS'  
RAPE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS

men who do cruel things to women are not a class apart; they are not totally incapable of relating to women.

But in supplying a theory for understandable female resentment, Brownmiller has politicized rape in a chilling way. Rape, she insists, is somehow a conscious conspiracy among all men. Men are the enemy, and the horrible rapes at My Lai were just incidents in "the casual continuing war against women." The line between psychopaths and normal men—all members of the same team—is erased. Rape is the real basis of the family, monogamy or any other exclusive sexual relationship between men and women. In sum, Brownmiller's analysis of rape may have less to do with the problem itself than with the sour anti-male, anti-family attitudes currently fashionable among militant feminists.

**W**hile many of those who have studied rapists and their victims may not accept Brownmiller's heavy ideological breathing about male conspiracy, they would agree that the cultural ideal of the aggressive male has something to do with the rape rate. They have also long accepted the theory that hostility toward women is an important ingredient in rape.

All habitual rapists "have developed an anger and contempt for women," says Nicholas Groth, chief psychologist of the Massachusetts Center for the Diagnosis and Treatment of Sexually Dangerous Persons. But he sees the core defect as "a sense of emptiness—of being nothing, and therefore having no regard for himself or for others. When you don't have anything else—job success, friendship, family ties—you last resort for creating your own identity is sexual aggression."

In studies of the rapists sent to the center over the past 16 years, Groth and

## THE SEXES

his colleagues have identified four types of the act: displaced rape (brutalizing of women to strike back at a female in the rapist's past); compensating rape (an attempt to bury insecurities by controlling a woman, and sometimes trying to impress her with sexual prowess during rape); narcissistic rape (self-gratification rather than deep hostility, as in the case of the burglar who rapes a woman who happens to be in the house he robs); and sadistic rape (sexual pleasure comes only from inflicting pain).

Frederic Storaska, who has studied



LEARNING SELF-DEFENSE  
A time to fight back.

more than 4,000 rape cases as executive director of the National Organization for the Prevention of Rape and Assault, believes that there are two broad categories of rapists: the man who feels inferior, puts women on pedestal and rapes to increase his own sense of worth; and the man who actually thinks women are "asking for it." Like the feminists, Storaska considers the principal cause of rape to be male aggressiveness, fostered by "the overall pressure our competitive society puts on its male contingent, giving men the impression that all things are there for the taking." Storaska is pessimistic about any attempts to curb rape by enacting tough new laws. "We have to change attitudes on juries," he says.

Feminists agree that juries remain a troublesome problem in their anti-rape drive, a point that is also supported by Judge Lawrence H. Cooke of the New York State court of appeals. Says Cooke: "The defense rarely ever waives a jury trial, knowing that the jury is an ally.

not an enemy. Juries, which are often male-dominated, are extremely reluctant to convict." So are a surprising number of female jurors. Many middle-class women jurors prefer not to believe young, braless and freewheeling rape victims. In particular, the myth that victims somehow provoke and accept rape is still very much alive. "In our many years of work with the sexual offender," reports Psychologist Groth and Co-Researcher Ann Wolbert Burgess, "we have yet to find a genuine case of sexual provocation on the part of a victim."

**T**he dilemma for women is that they are still unlikely to win a rape conviction if they cannot present evidence of a struggle with the rapist, though fighting back may bring mutilation or murder. In an extreme example of this bias, a one-armed Chicago woman who had been raped at gunpoint was asked accusingly by the defense attorney: "Did you even try to grab the gun?" Yet researchers increasingly agree with the feminist advice to fight back unless the attacker is armed. Says Clinical Psychologist James Selkin, director of the Denver General Hospital's Violence Research Unit: "A potential rapist looks for a woman who is vulnerable to attack." In Selkin's view, an unarmed rapist who approaches a woman on a dark street, seizes her and says, "Don't scream," is usually testing the potential victim by asking, in effect, "Can you be intimidated?" His advice: scream, kick or flee instantly—since he has not yet committed a crime, the rapist can back down and pick a less troublesome victim.

Some women report success in engaging the rapist in calm conversation. One Florida woman began chattering about the book *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Apparently stunned—or perhaps just bored—by her tales of the book, the assailant left without raping her.

Despite the risk, the signs are that more and more women are inclined to fight back. In her book, *The Politics of Rape*, Diana Russell, a Mills College sociologist, gives a dramatic example of their growing pugnacity: three women—angry at a man who boasted that he had committed rape—sought him out, punched him in the genitals and beat him up. "I'd like to see more women hit back or hit first," said one of the women. "I think women should learn how to use guns, and I think they should carry them in the streets. And if they are harassed, they should pull them out, and if that doesn't work and a man continues to harass them, then they should shoot him."

Brownmiller, too, insists that it is time for women to fight back. But she is less interested in individual action than in defining the issue politically and forcing society to act. "My purpose in this book has been to give rape its history," she writes. "Now we must deny it a future."

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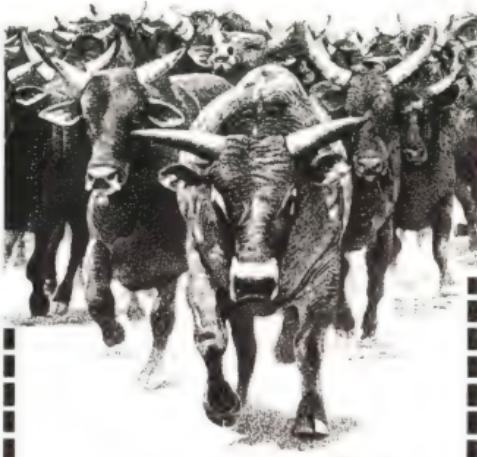
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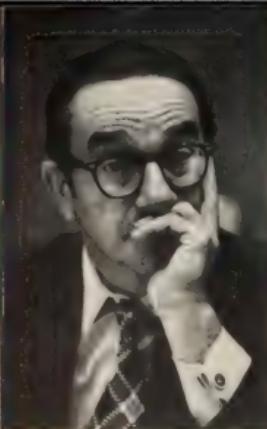
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## ECONOMY &amp; BUSINESS

## POLICY

## Ford Climbs on the Tax-Cut Bandwagon

The drive to cut taxes in 1976 is becoming an irresistible force that not even a presidential veto could stop. At minimum, Congressmen facing re-election campaigns at a time when unemployment will still be high are certain to extend the \$8 billion reduction in taxes on corporate and personal income enacted for 1975. All 20 members of Congress's Joint Economic Committee—liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans alike—have endorsed the idea; a tax-reform bill is due out of the House Ways and Means Committee by Oct. 28. Last week even President Ford apparently climbed aboard the bandwagon. He said that he too would favor tax cuts—if they were tied in some way to reductions in federal spending.

Ford's announcement came as a surprise to some of his top economic advisers. The President made his feelings known on the campaign trail in Omaha, not in prepared remarks but in response to journalists' questions. He gave no hint of how big a tax cut he would accept, or what spending cuts he might insist on, and indicated that a combination of tax and spending reductions was only one of several plans under consideration.

In taking that stand, Ford clearly was heading his political advisers, who have been urging him to grab what credit he can for easing the withholding bite on American paychecks. If this year's tax cuts are not extended, a typical worker will find his weekly paycheck reduced by \$3 to \$10 after Jan. 1. In fact the tax cut will have to be increased from about \$8 billion to \$12 billion a year to

prevent even a slight rise in withholding rates. Reason: the cuts now in effect began May 1, so for 1975 twelve months of withholding-rates reductions were squeezed into eight months.

The Administration's economic policymakers are still widely split over the tax-cut issue. Some believe that a tax cut will only add to inflation by swelling the federal deficit for fiscal 1976; Congress has projected that a continuation of the tax cut would result in a \$68.8 billion deficit. Others feel that the economy needs more stimulus and can handle it without overheating. Treasury Secretary William Simon and Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Alan Greenspan oppose a tax cut: they can be expected to argue with the President in favor of making the tax reduction as small, and spending slashes as large, as possible. On the other side, Secretary of Labor John Dunlop wants a cut large enough to keep withholding rates from going up on Jan. 1. He told the Senate Budget Committee last week: "A tax cut ... will act directly to maintain demand and increase employment."

**Slower Pace.** From the standpoint of the recovering economy, there is an argument for avoiding the shock of an increase in withholding rates. Beyond that, signals are mixed: they cry neither for nor against a bigger tax reduction. National production may have grown at an annual rate approaching 10% in the third quarter—a solid rate for the beginning of recovery—but there are signs that the pace is slowing. The Commerce Department's index of twelve leading

indicators was flat in August, ending months of increase.

The Labor Department reported last week that unemployment inched down to 8.3% of the labor force in September from 8.4% in August, continuing a slow reduction that economists have expected. A darker side to the figures: the number of workers jobless for 27 weeks or longer rose by 155,000 to a post-World War II high of 1.6 million. The latest inflation figures are confusing. The Wholesale Price Index in September climbed at a compound annual rate of 7.4%, or slightly less than in August. But the figure may not be wholly trustworthy: key parts rose more rapidly than the index as a whole. Farm products and processed foods and feeds went up a startling 2.3% in August alone. The OPEC cartel has announced a price increase of 10% on crude oil, but there is speculation that the world oil market will hold actual increases to less than that.

The issue now is how to maintain the pace without touching off a new inflationary spiral. Some liberal Democrats feel that merely extending current tax cuts will not be enough to maintain annual production growth at the desired level of 7% to 8%; they are calling for \$8 billion to \$10 billion a year more in cuts. Ford probably would not go along with that, unless Congress also agrees to sharp spending cuts in an election year—an unlikely prospect. In the meantime, the solution may well involve extension of this year's cuts with no offsetting increase on federal spending.

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## **Suburban. Some call it Superwagon.**

It's built on a tough truck frame, yet Suburban has a

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## ENERGY

### Row Over Scarce Gas

Shortages of natural gas, each more serious than the last, each just barely coped with and then forgotten, have plagued the U.S. every winter since 1969. The scarcity threatened for the winter of 1975-76 could be the real thing. Estimates vary, but one made last week by Democratic Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina is as good as any. He predicts that supplies will fall 1.3 trillion cu. ft., or about 19%, below potential demand, producing a shortage 30% worse than the one last winter.

Since natural gas accounts for about a third of all the energy consumed in the U.S., the results would be severe. Hundreds of thousands of workers could be thrown out of their jobs as factories

and the comfort of millions of home dwellers. Oklahoma Republican Dewey F. Bartlett warned that if the Democrats succeeded in keeping prices under tight control, gas producers would sue "to seek redress of grievances for confiscation of private property." Ohio Democrat John Glenn retorted for the procontrol side: "Our objective is to prevent the people of this country from getting economically raped."

At present, the price of gas sold in the states in which it is produced—the most important are Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico—is unregulated and generally is \$1.25 per 1,000 cu. ft. Gas piped across state lines is price-controlled by the Federal Power Commission at 52¢ per 1,000 cu. ft. That is unrealistically low price, though it allows for a bare profit, has not only discouraged drilling but has prompted companies to sell a disproportionate share of what gas is produced close to the wells rather than piping it into states that have no gas. Everyone agrees that the price must be permitted to rise—but how much?

The Ford Administration, most Republicans, and politicians from producing states favor scrapping the controls

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS

before July 1. Administration supporters contend that there should be no ceiling. Liberals absolutely reject that idea, but one of the avenues they are exploring to cope with the coming winter crunch is trading their agreement on much higher gas prices in exchange for a rollback of oil prices.

**Bitter Suspicions.** Longer range, the Senate Interior Committee has reported a bill that would let the price of interstate gas rise over the next four years to around the \$1.25 now charged for intrastate gas. The Administration favors lifting the controls entirely over that period. The committee estimates that its bill would cost consumers \$1.8 billion in higher prices by 1980, while the Administration approach would raise prices \$2.9 billion.

The debate is envenomed by bitter suspicion on both sides. Consumer advocates fear that the producers are callously prepared to cut off the consuming states if they cannot charge what the market will bear. Producer champions think that the Democrats, if they can pass the Hollings bill to meet the winter crisis, will forget about long-range legislation and plunge the producers back next June 30 into the situation they have been in for the past 20 years selling gas interstate at an artificially low price, with the result that only a trickle of the nation's 234 trillion cu. ft. of gas reserves are being tapped. Says Louisiana's Russell Long: "Until that gas sells for what it's worth, it is going to stay in the ground, where it has been for the last 50 million years." The outlook is for a prolonged, angry battle while the chilling crisis draws ever closer.

## WALL STREET

### A New Chief for Change

As the determined chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Ray Garrett Jr. pushed through reforms long opposed by Wall Street. He also moved the watchdog agency into such new activities as demanding disclosure of bribes paid to Government officials by U.S. corporations. When Garrett leaves to rejoin his Chicago law firm, he will be succeeded by a corporate lawyer who may ruffle almost as many feathers. Last week President Ford nominated for the SEC's new chief Roderick M. Hills, 44, a presidential assistant and head of a White House task force looking into ways to reform federal regulatory agencies like the SEC.

If the Senate confirms Hills, which is likely, Ford will have created Washington's most formidably titled husband-wife team ever: Hills' wife Carla is Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Though Hills was backed by several powerful Wall Streeters, his philosophy is much the same as Garrett's. He probably will keep up the pressure for change that has thrown the secu-



Pipeline compressor station

Envenomed by suspicion.

close for want of fuel, mainly in the Northeastern, Midwestern and Southern states (see box). Generally, gas companies unable to meet demand cut off service first to industry; this winter there is a slim possibility that some of the 55% of American homes heated by natural gas will go cold too. Some new homes may not even be able to hook up—a fact that poses another threat to the housing industry's fitful attempt to climb out of recession.

**Rape or Redress?** Against this chilling backdrop the Senate, after months of delay, last week took up the emotional subject of how much gas prices should be allowed to rise in order to coax more gas out of the ground and into pipelines to consuming states. At stake were billions of dollars that gas producers and pipeline operators might reap in higher prices, the jobs of workers in industries dependent upon gas,

## GAS SHORTAGE

Although few states will escape entirely the shortage of natural gas threatened this winter, the impact will be most severe in a handful of Southern, Midwestern and Northeastern states. The chart below shows the percentage by which the Federal Energy Administration expects natural-gas deliveries this winter to fall below those of the winter of 1974-75 in the ten states likely to be hurt worst.



and letting a free market set the price. Arizona Republican Paul Fannin last week offered an Administration-backed proposal for immediate decontrol; it lost, 57 to 31. Most Democrats, and politicians from consuming states, insist on maintaining some controls to protect gas users against too-abrupt price boosts.

To meet the immediate crisis, Senator Hollings has introduced a bill that would allow interstate pipeline operators to buy needed extra supplies of gas this winter at the intrastate price of \$1.25 per 1,000 cu. ft. The authority would ex-



THE MOST POWERFUL HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM  
Wooring small investors.

rities industry into turmoil for the past five years. Says Hills of Garrett: "I know of no activity he's been engaged in that I disagree with."

Hills' nomination comes as Wall Street prepares to do battle with the SEC over one of the last vestiges of the brokerage community's old "private club" organization: New York Stock Exchange Rule 394, which forces member brokers of the Big Board to do most of their trading only on the exchange floor. The SEC will open hearings on possible abolition or modification of the rule later this month. The agency has long believed 394 tends to prevent brokers from getting the best possible prices for their clients by forcing them to deal for the most part only with other Big Board members. But many Wall Streeters contend that without 394, markets for stocks would become disorderly: more than half the business of the N.Y.S.E. would drift from the floor to the offices of individual brokers, where stocks would be traded at wildly varying prices.

Hills concedes that any change in 394 must be done carefully, but does not believe its abolition would mean the end of the N.Y.S.E. Even in advance of any change in the rule there are already signs of a trend away from the floor. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest broker, is on the verge of starting a plan under which it would trade odd-lot orders (those for fewer than 100 shares) in its own offices. That would save odd-lot buyers and sellers an eighth of a point price differential that they must now pay to get their orders acted upon on the floor. Investors would pay \$6.25 less in commissions on a 50-share order.

Meanwhile, the securities industry is

still struggling with the aftereffects of a major Garrett-ordered reform: the abolition last May 1 of fixed commissions on all stock trades. Since "Mayday," brokers have received 40% to 50% less in commissions on many stock deals from such big institutional investors as pension funds and life insurance companies. That trend, combined with a sharp drop in daily trading volume (13.5 million average last week v. 21.4 million earlier this year), forced Big Board member firms as a group \$10 million into the red for August, according to a preliminary estimate in the *Wall Street Letter*. This was not as bad as had been feared. But it was a sharp comedown from the \$606.5 million earned during the year's first half.

**Bush Beaters.** Over the next year or so, losses from reduced commissions could total \$400 million, estimates Roger Klein, an officer of the Securities Industry Association. I.W. Burnham II, chairman of Drexel Burnham, calculates the potential loss at \$700 million to \$1 billion.

The waning institutional market has forced a healthy, overdue reorientation of Wall Street toward the "little customer." Once almost ignored by most of Wall Street in favor of institutional investors, who do nearly 70% of the market's business, the average investor actually pays a bit more in commissions now than before Mayday, primarily because he lacks the bargaining power of institutions. But he is being courted as never before. Asserts Terry Liebman, partner in Boston-based Burgess & Leith: "The retail business is the place to beat the bushes."

Such established institution-oriented houses as Mitchell Hutchins Inc. and Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette have stepped up retail operations. Quick & Reilly went into retailing as a result of Mayday. Firms that have long catered to individual investors are showing handsome profits, among them Bach & E.F. Hutton, Merrill Lynch, long the leader in doing business with average investors, expects a "banner year." Firms dealing solely with institutions are hurting. Coleman & Co. was forced to give up most of its highly regarded research operation; it could not support the costs under slashed commissions. If the trading volume continues low, more casualties are expected.

## EXECUTIVES

### Blows at Hammer

In all his flamboyant career—as a pencil manufacturer in the Soviet Union in the 1920s, whisky dealer, art collector and oil magnate in the U.S.—Armand Hammer has probably never had a worse week. First, the 77-year-old chairman of Occidental Petroleum Corp. pleaded guilty in a Washington court to a charge of making three il-

legal contributions to Richard Nixon's 1972 presidential campaign. Then Hammer's oil firm accused the Libyan government of holding 520 of its employees as hostages in a dispute that has turned Occidental's investment in Libya, once considered Hammer's masterpiece, into a growing headache.

Hammer's personal problems stem from an anonymous \$100,000 commitment he made to the Nixon campaign. He gave \$46,000 to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President just before a federal law barring such anonymous gifts went into effect in April 1972. In order to contribute the other \$54,000 without revealing his identity, he used third parties as sham donors. Hammer also concedes that when he was questioned about the donations before the Senate Watergate committee, he lied. Having pleaded guilty, he faces fines of \$3,000 and possibly three years in prison, though it is unlikely he will go to jail even for a year.

The dispute with Libya is a complex affair. In 1972 Libya nationalized 51% of Occidental's subsidiary there. Since then, Oxy complains, Libya has restricted production to the point that the company cannot fulfill its commitments to customers. Last month Occidental notified the Libyans that it was filing suit in international arbitration courts for \$1 billion, claiming breach of contract; simultaneously, it refused to pay \$440 million in royalties and taxes. The Libyans, according to Occidental, last week cut off crude deliveries altogether and refused to let \$20 non-Libyan employees of the corporation, including 230 Americans, leave the country.

Occidental complained to the State Department, and a spokesman said the department is "looking into the matter urgently." At week's end Occidental announced that it will resume negotiations with the Libyans in New York this week—but there was no word whether the 520 employees would be released.

OCCIDENTAL'S BELEAGUERED CHAIRMAN



provement in his condition. Douglas' eight juniors were not yet convinced that he is fully able to carry out his duties. Until they are convinced, no critical cases in which his vote could determine the result will be decided.

Last term the Justices had already begun to delay those cases in which they thought Douglas' vote would break a 4-4 tie. The unwritten policy resulted in eleven holdover cases in June—an unusually high number for the court. Though normally the first order of business in the fall, nine of those cases have not even been set yet for reargument. "There is now an implicit understanding that no judgment should be released that might well be open to attack later as improperly considered," says a court insider. "There has never been a formal vote of the Justices on that rule, but everyone understands it."

**Dreaded Specter.** Fortunately, the pending docket, in the view of one Justice, "is the least interesting of any before the court in many years." The most important new case is the constitutional challenge to the 1972 federal campaign spending reform law, which its critics claim restricts the right of free political activity. There is special congressional language in that law directing an early Supreme Court determination. So the Justices may feel they have to resolve it, even if Douglas' is the swing vote. Of course, should five or more Justices other than Douglas agree, that and any other case can be decided normally.

But a long-pending test of mandatory death penalty laws, and the applicability of federal wage and hour legislation to local government workers are among the serious questions that have been pushed aside for the moment because of Douglas' condition. "These matters can be put off for six months without any problem," says a lawyer who often argues before the court. "But if important questions of national policy, and conflicts between circuit courts of appeal are not even considered, let alone decided, for a year or more, then we're heading for trouble."

The specter most disturbing to many is that Douglas will not only remain disabled but also refuse to retire until after the 1976 presidential election in hopes that Gerald Ford will not be elected. The court's longest-sitting Justice—36 years—could have both a personal and philosophical motivation for putting off retirement. He was once the target of an impeachment effort led by Ford, and with four Nixon appointees already on the court, the liberal Douglas may believe a Ford nominee would solidify a conservative majority for years to come. But such a staying game would almost surely set off a political uproar, much as did Earl Warren's abortive effort to resign before Richard Nixon took office. "With these politicians looking for issues, it could become a maelstrom," says one court hand. "I'm dreading it. I'm dreading it in the worst way."

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## Catching the Astral Plane

To French eyes, František Kupka was, for the last 20 years of his life, an irrelevance: a withered Czech émigré, with sunken cheeks and a disproportionately large appetite for food, who lived in a small cluttered house in the Paris suburb of Puteaux, surrounded by old abstract paintings that nobody wanted. His much better-known colleague, the painter Jacques Villon, lived next door. When collectors and dealers walked by their gate to call on Villon, Kupka and his mountainous wife Eugénie would peer through the shutters at them, too proud to show themselves. The collectors never stopped at the Kupkas'. In the past, they had been so poor that Eugénie Kupka now and then had to buy old tablecloths and underwear in the flea market, launder them and sell them to raise a few francs.

For a few years before his death in 1957 at the age of 86, Kupka was able to subsist on the sales of his work. However, in those last years of the School of Paris, when French cultural chauvinism was quite as bloated as its American counterpart later became, Kupka labored under a distinct handicap: his obvious foreignness as an artist. His work looked, and indeed was, Northern rather than Mediterranean, full of theoretical obsessions, flights of mysticism, involuted décor, heavy symbolism and transcendental yearnings. There have been greater abstract artists than Kupka, but none so unmistakably Slavic. Later, when Kupka's eminence as a pioneer of abstract art was recognized—his first completely abstract pictures were done around 1910-11—the French tried to claim him as a true Parisian in whom the Central European heritage was aesthetically unimportant.

**Code of Shapes.** This kind of nonsense only served to confuse Kupka's image more, and so for most people he remains the least known of all the significant figures in early European modernism. A full-dress retrospective was needed. Now it has come: 190 paintings, drawings and studies, opening this week at New York's Guggenheim Museum. The show is the result of three years' research by Art Historian Margaret Rowell, whose catalogue—assisted with material from another student of Kupka's art, Meda Mladek—becomes the definitive work so far on this little-known, uneven but (at best) engrossing artist.

Some painters carry a code of shapes, their handwriting, all their lives. Kupka was one. Among the earliest paintings in this show is a dark still life, done around 1906, of a red cabbage plucked from the garden at Puteaux—leaf after exuberant leaf, dappled and veined, spiraling inward toward its round core. This system of forms crops up in painting after painting from Kupka's maturity, like the large and majestic *Around a Point*, 1925 (see color page). It carried for him a weight of symbolic associations that had to do with

reproduce more exactly what the most faithful realist painters attempted to give the world. The most skillful artist is absolutely incapable of capturing the life of nature with traditional means."

It was a dilemma familiar to other artists of the 1900s: the crisis of handmade "reality" in an age of photography. Like Marcel Duchamp, Villon and the futurists, Kupka seized the thread by the horns, using photographs to revise his practice as a painter. In a figure painting entitled *Planes by Colors, Large Nude*, 1909-10, Kupka had taken the uninhibited color of Fauvism and given it a dense, architectural solidity (it seems right that the model's pose, monumental as it is, should mimic that of Michelangelo's *Leda*). The problem was now to set those planes in motion; for that, Kupka resorted to one of the great novelties of the time, the high-speed sequential chronographs of pioneer Photographer Étienne-Jules Marcy—multiple exposures that bridged the gap between still photography and the movie camera. His pastel studies of his wife picking flowers, done in this mode around 1909-10, are of extraordinary interest, preceding Duchamp's famous *Nude Descending a Staircase* by two years. Likewise, the paintings Kupka made later—a series of abstract color disks rotating in space—appear to have influenced Robert Delaunay's disk paintings of 1913. At least Kupka believed so, and remained bitter about Delaunay till the end of his life. "Exhibit, why?" he demanded of a visitor to Puteaux in '50s. "So that everyone can copy you?"

**Blue Triangle.** There was a religious, or at least numinous basis to nearly all of Kupka's imagery; even a strict geometrical abstraction like *Untitled*, 1931, retains in its big blue triangle a flicker of pointillist light that had been appearing in his work since he began studying the stained glass of Chartres. Yet like the work of many another pioneer abstractionist, with high spiritual ideals and an overoptimistic belief in the powers of art, Kupka's painting remains somewhat hermetic—at least in terms of its declared ambitions. About his historical precedence, there is no doubt: *Amorpha, Fugue in Two Colors*, 1912, was certainly the first abstract painting to be exhibited in Paris. Some of his big abstracts from the '20s, like *Around a Point*, must be reckoned among the most imposing feats of modern art. And yet the fundamental subject of his work remains inaccessible. It is like hearing someone describe an LSD trip: the cosmic hoo-ha is all there, but the listener cannot experience it in the retelling. Deprived of the heavenly choir of theosophical documents, all too many of Kupka's transcendental visions finish as pattern—not an ignoble fate, but less than he intended.

Robert Hughes



KUPKA IN HIS ATELIER (1936)  
The cosmic hoo-ha without the experience.

growth, movement and cosmic energy.

Since his youth, Kupka had been intensely interested in spiritualism; he was a frequent hiker on the astral plane. "Yesterday," he wrote to a friend in 1897, "I experienced a split consciousness where it seemed I was observing the earth from outside. I was in great empty space and saw the planets rolling quietly. After that it was difficult to come back to the trivia of everyday life."

The connection between such experiences—or hallucinations—and the airy spaces of his paintings, filled with rainbow arches and planet-like balls, is obvious. (He also liked to frequent the Parc Observatory.) Kupka's belief in binding energy—a theosophical equivalent of Dante's "Love which moves the Sun and the other stars"—could not be contained in everyday objects. "Alas," he wrote, "nature is ever changing, rapid are its metamorphoses. The laws of physiology are beginning to be disseminated; Daguerre, the moving picture,



Works by pioneering European Abstractionist Franzisk Kupka at New York's Guggenheim Museum include (top) "Planes by Colors, Large Nude," 1909-10; (above) "Around a Point," circa 1925, reworked circa 1934; and (left) "Untitled," 1931.

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## Stone Scoop

In San Francisco, where news swirls across town faster than the fog, the word was out: *Rolling Stone* (circ. 410,000) was on to something big. Editors of the counterculture's bible were not answering the phones in their Bay Area homes. Uniformed guards were posted at the biweekly's St. Louis printing plant. Randolph Hearst ordered a reporter at his San Francisco *Examiner* to find out whether the magazine's rumored scoop had anything to do with his daughter Patty. *Rolling Stone* Founder and Publisher Jann Wenner, 29, told the reporter no and branded the talk as empty gossip.

Wenner lied. In a 13,000-word article by Associate Editor Howard Kohn and Freelance David Weir, the magazine last week printed Part I of the first comprehensive and convincing account of Patty Hearst's life on the lam. The story, which the writers claim they got from three sources they would not reveal even if threatened with jail, said among other things that the heiress was driven across the country at least twice by Sports Activist Jack Scott (see *THE NATION*). Indeed, Scott figures so heavily in the detailed narrative that he appears to be its prime source.

Scott, who is hiding out with his wife Micki, phoned *Examiner* Reporter Larry Kramer last week to denounce the *Rolling Stone* piece as a "crass, sensationalized attempt to discredit Patty Hearst and her defense." He did not dispute the story but insisted that Kohn and Weir got their information while working as investigators for Scott's former defense attorney, Michael Kennedy. If that is true, then Kohn and Weir would be guilty of a clear breach of journalistic ethics.

**False Report.** Kohn and Weir are not just any run-of-the-city-room journalists. Kohn, 28, once a prizewinning investigative reporter for the Detroit *Free Press*, was fired by the paper in 1973 for fabricating a story about his own alleged kidnapping; he pleaded *noto contendere* to a charge of filing a false police report and was given six months' probation. Weir, 28, feature editor of a slick investigative magazine called *Sundance* before its demise in 1972, wrote the article that exposed Acid King Timothy Leary as a police informer, discrediting him in the eyes of his countercul-

ture admirers. Scott fears that Weir is now trying to undermine Patty's credibility, just in case she starts testifying against her fellow revolutionaries.

Jack Scott may have his own credibility problems. *TIME* has learned that Scott approached Kohn and Weir last Memorial Day weekend and asked them to help him write a book and a magazine article about Patty and the S.L.A. The trio negotiated with McGraw-Hill Editor John Simon for a contract, but Simon's bosses rejected their price—a \$100,000 to \$200,000 advance—as excessive, and had doubts about the reliability of their information. Scott, Kohn and Weir then went to work on the *Roll-*

Meanwhile, as Scott battled with Kohn and Weir, *Rolling Stone* was not exactly suffering. The magazine enjoyed its richest publicity harvest since it sprang full-blown from the brow of Wenner in 1967, and an extra printing of 125,000 copies of the Hearst issue was selling fast.

## No Chastity Belt

Richard Crossman's diaries were hardly the hottest memoirs ever to hit the British press—no sex and scant scandal. But the former Minister of Housing and Secretary of State for Social Services, who died last year, did set down a candid account of life in Prime Minister Harold Wilson's first Labor Cabinet, between 1964 and 1970. Aroused, the current Labor government last spring sued to stop the London *Sunday Times*'s publication of the diaries and Publisher Jonathan Cape's book version. Attorney General Samuel Silkin argued that Cabinet discussions and civil servants' advice must remain forever inviolate to ensure their candor—a contention that the *Guardian* warned would "put an end to political journalism."

**Post Bullying.** Last week Crossman won a posthumous victory for press freedom in Britain. Lord Widgery, Lord Chief Justice of England, ruled that the government cannot put a seal of secrecy on its internal business without convincing the court that silence is "clearly necessary in the public interest." In the Crossman case, Widgery said, the government did no such thing.

The controversy has been widely compared to the Pentagon papers case, in which the U.S. Supreme Court upheld on First Amendment grounds of press freedom the right of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* to publish secret government documents on U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Britain has no such written constitutional guarantee; governments have in the past had little trouble bullying the press into bland quiescence, and the courts have stood idly by. Jubilant British journalists greeted Lord Widgery's decision as a long stride in the other direction. "It ends the notion that civil servants should be protected in perpetuity with some sort of chastity belt," said *Sunday Times* Editor Harold Evans. "It was a beautiful decision, a triumph of common sense over bureaucracy."

## Washington Luddites

Huge sheets of paper hung in shreds from the presses, and black printer's ink trickled from torn tubing. Wires had been ripped from control boxes, and vital parts from many of the paper's nine presses had vanished. For the second time in two years, striking pressmen had



FIRST DETAILED ACCOUNT OF PATTY'S ODYSSEY  
Uniformed guards and cash.

ing *Stone* article, for which the magazine offered Scott as much as \$7,500. Sometime last month the trio had a falling out and the collaboration ended. It is not clear whether Scott ever was paid—some of those involved in the negotiations say that he finally refused any remuneration—but federal officials are investigating the possibility that Patty Hearst received some of the \$7,500.

Late last week Scott denied those disclosures, again by telephone. "Micki and I have absolutely not been working with Howard Kohn and David Weir on any story of the nature that was published in *Rolling Stone*," he told *TIME*. "At no time did we ever discuss any financial arrangements with them about the publication of an article in *Rolling Stone*." He did, however, admit that a book project was discussed and later abandoned.



POST PRESSROOM AFTER PRINTERS LEFT  
Fear and rage worked overtime.

shut down the *Washington Post* (circ. 550,000). But seldom in newspaper history had workers visited such Luddite violence on their presses.

The printers' night of rage came hours after their contract expired and talks on a new one were adjourned. Behind the outburst were years of festering antagonism and fear. The paper, faced with shrinking profits, has long wanted to limit overtime and cut production costs through automation. The pressmen are uneasy about the demise of old "hot metal" printing systems and the rise of new photographic printing technology, requiring fewer workers. Their median age is around 40, and they earn an average of \$15,000 a year plus \$8,000 in overtime, but see change as a threat to their jobs. Accusing the *Post* of stalling, pressmen's union Local 6 President John A. Dugan said of the sabotage: "Anything that was done in there was born of frustration. The *Post* hasn't shown any interest in serious bargaining."

**Editorial Airlift.** The printers' comrades in the Newspaper Guild voted overwhelmingly against supporting the strike. About three-quarters of the paper's 650 or so editorial and commercial employees showed up the day after the violence and put together an edition. *Post* officials, who say it may be days or even weeks before their own presses can be repaired, arranged to have copy helicoptered from the roof of the building, out of reach of angry pickets, to six other printing plants as far as 150 miles away. The next morning's *Post*, slimmed down to 28 pages, appeared on schedule. Neither side in the dispute was predicting an early settlement, and it looked as if the *Post*'s airlift would be a familiar scene on the capital skyline for at least a few more days.

## Overall Chic

They are called jumpsuits, but they are not for lady leapers. Smartly tailored in elegant fabrics, the one-piece garments can cost \$350 or more in boutiques and department stores. Plain or fancy, jumpsuits—actually jumped-up versions of the overalls worn by plumbers, carpenters and garage mechanics—are the hottest thing going on the U.S. fashion scene these days.

Says Brenda Bird, a buyer for Alexander's, the big New York department store chain: "We can't keep them in stock. Price is no object." Agrees Kal Ruttentstein, a Saks Fifth Avenue vice president: "It's the only fashion silhouette this fall." Retailers and manufacturers, reports *Women's Wear Daily*, "are already viewing it as the sleeper of '75." Cinnamon Wear, a sprightly New York fashion house, has filled 10,000 orders for its lower-priced (\$45 to \$50) jumpsuits since last spring. Saks stores across the U.S. have sold 2,000 so far this fall. Betty Ford is reported to have bought one.

Like peacoats, jeans, sweatshirts and other upwardly mobile work clothes, jumpsuits have become fashionable because they are functional. Comfortable in action, they are "one-stop" attire, as easy to don as to doff. "After packing separates in a suitcase most of the summer weekends, I found that I spent the whole day in my jumpsuit," explained a young New York shopper last week. "Then I ended up just adding a scarf at night. A jumpsuit is such easy dressing. It does as much as a well-tailored pair of pants to make you look dramatic."

Given a slim, trim young body, that is. In tight-fitting overalls, large-beamed ladies often ludicrously resemble Al Capp's pearish Shmoo—or Winston Churchill in his wartime siren suit. But retailers are working with manufacturers to bring out jumps for the well-upholstered

The jumpsuit fad began in Paris and was brought to

the U.S. by models who had attended last fall's fashion shows. The first Paris designer to bring back a high-fashion jumpsuit was Yves Saint Laurent, whose collection for fall included jumps in classic poplin (\$375) and a black acrylic with drawstring waist (\$375) and a turtle-neck number (\$355). A nationwide bestseller is Victor Joris' self-belted gabardine suit with pleated pants (\$110); in all, some 600 stores have ordered 38,000. Joris jumps. One of the most popular numbers, though, is the inexpensive Esprit, a loose overall in cotton embossed with Exxon's familiar name.

The first spring and summer fashion shows in Manhattan have featured jumpsuits by other top designers in jersey, Liberty prints, slinky evening models and versions with Kabuki sleeves and



toggles. Kenzo's wide-wale corduroy in slate gray has band-trouser bottoms and goes with a construction boot. Other trendy accessories range from plumpers' satchels from Denmark (\$26) to Saint Laurent's séraps (\$100).

Is the jumpsuit here to stay? Most big retailers think so. "It really is the total look," maintains Denise Silchner, head of Bonwit Teller's juniors department in Beverly Hills. "You don't have to coordinate tops with pants. If a woman buys one and a few accessories like a belt and a scarf, she looks like she's off the cover of *Vogue* or *Popular Mechanics*."

JUMPSUITS BY HALSTON (TOP),  
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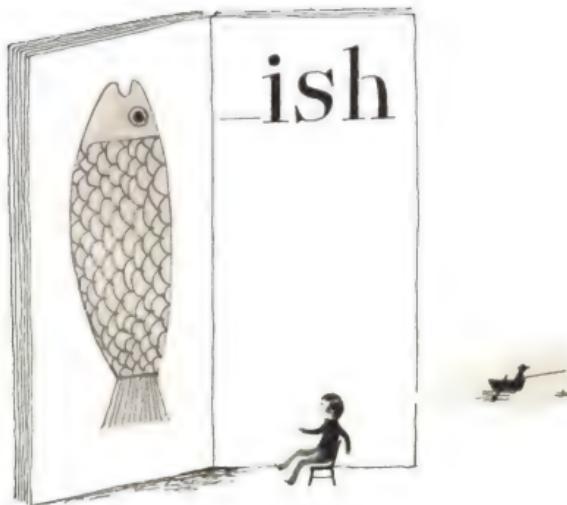


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### MEDICINE

ten started having children of their own and have passed the family disease along to them.

"I can remember my father with the disease," recalls Mrs. Rose Marie Silva of Livermore, Calif. "When I saw my brother stagger for the first time, I just knew he had it." For years, family members, some of whom believed erroneously that the problem was congenital syphilis, kept the disease a secret in their clan. Finally, Mrs. Silva broke the silence. After reading about a family afflicted with a similar hereditary illness (TIME, Jan. 25, 1971) and carrying the clippings in her purse for three years, she finally wrote the National Genetics Foundation last February and asked for help. The result of her call was a massive effort to trace all of Joseph's descendants and a gathering of the clan last week at Oakland's Children's Hospital Medical Center.

In many ways, the meeting was a typical family reunion. Cousins who had not seen each other for years renewed acquaintance, youngsters met relatives they had not even known existed. But the occasion was hardly happy. Drs. William Nyhan of the University of California at San Diego and Roger Rosenberg of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas met with nearly 100 of Joseph's surviving relatives. They were able to assure those whose parents had escaped the disease that they ran no risk of developing—or passing on—the family ailment. But ten were found to have the disease, and 26 others—children of parents who have or had Joseph illness—may develop it.

**Changed Outlook.** Ricky Donohue, 20, whose mother died of Joseph disease and whose brother Kerry, 21, already has it, walked out of the hospital when he learned that he too had the disease. "I couldn't come back here; I had to leave and just walk," said he. "It was heavy, really was."

But most victims have accepted the inevitable. Mrs. Violet Weldon, 41, whose mother died of the disease that she herself has had for several years, has adjusted to her affliction. "By the time I was told I had the disease, I had already come to the realization that the disease was a part of me," she explains. Other family members have begun to rethink their plans for the future as a result of their new understanding of their heritage. "Time becomes important," says Ricky's brother Dennis, 23, who so far shows no signs of the malady. "Everyone wants to get rich and famous, but when you don't have a lot of time to live your life, those things are not so important any more."

The two doctors, who have studied the family closely, still do not know either cause or cure; all they can do is attempt to relieve the symptoms with drugs—and suggest that victims who have not yet had children consider forgoing having families of their own.

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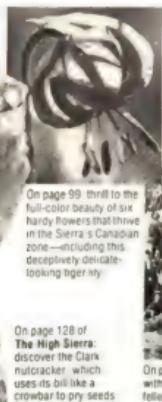
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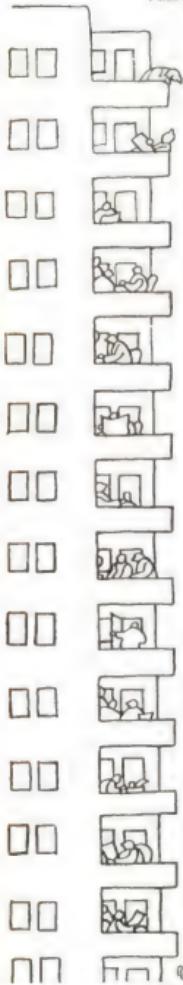


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- Written by avowed outdoorsmen Ezra Bowen and noted conservationist Marjorie Merriweather Post
- 9 x 10 1/4 inches, hardbound
- 184 pages
- More than 100 illustrations—photographs, paintings, maps, including 87 pages in full color
- Books shown here are just some of the exciting volumes

"It's a gorgeous sunset  
Pass it on."



"You've just raided your last patch!"



## Comic Archetypes

THE NEW YORKER ALBUM OF DRAWINGS

1925-1975

Unpaged. Viking. \$15.

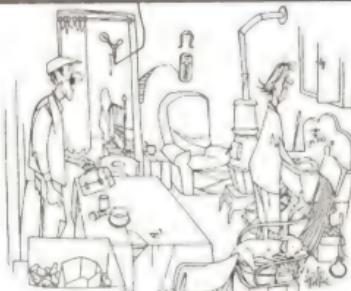
A *New Yorker* cartoon is a rectangle entirely surrounded by laughter. In the fiftieth anniversary collection, the occupants of those rectangles gather like relatives at a spirited family reunion. Here are Peter Arno's ageless chorines and satyrs; Helen Hokinson's gaggle of club women; Saul Steinberg's pun-and-ink illuminations; the Thurber people who always reminded Dorothy Parker of unbaked cookies. Here, too, is the irrepressible new generation of archetypes: George Booth's slatternly couples—obviously the illegitimate descendants of George Price's cluttered screwballs; Lee Lorenz' literate animals, minerals and vegetables; and Ed Koren's celebrated shaggy people stories.

As individual as signatures, as pertinent and unpredictable as the eleven o'clock news, these miniatures have steadily grown from genre to art form. But through five decades, they have never neglected their primary obligation: to nourish the comic spirit, to make the risible visible in times of war and economic distress and social chaos. As this warm, hilarious collection demonstrates, despite the changing boundaries of artistic license and comic liberty, *The New Yorker* cartoonist has always known exactly where to draw the line.

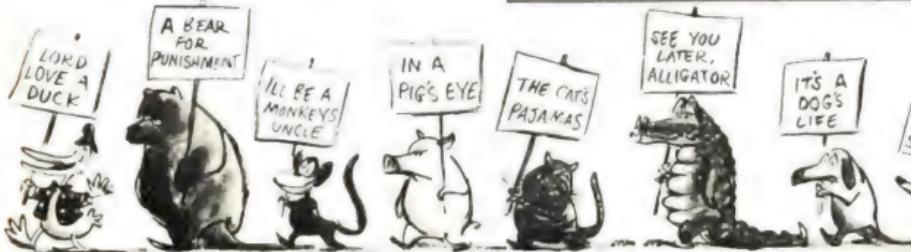
Stefan Kanfer



"Attention everyone! Here comes Poppa, and we're going to drive dull care away! It's quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles."



"I heard a bit of good news today.  
We shall pass this way but once."



BOOKS



*All right, have it your way  
you heard a seal bark!*



*'I really don't know if  
he was a Communist. We never  
discussed politics'*



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## BOOKS

### Business as Usual

JR

by WILLIAM GADDIS  
726 pages. Knopf. \$15 hard-cover;  
\$5.95 paperback.

"Money," said Gertrude Stein, "is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money." Stein, who did not have much to say about roses either, apparently meant that money—like gravity and magnetism—is so pervasive and anonymous that it needs no human inferences. Does a fish talk about water?

William Gaddis' long, satirical novel *JR* could well be a model of such a *genial* theory of money. For 726 pages, the reader is bathed in the sounds of voices talking mostly about loot and business—but actually saying nothing. Gaddis, however, has much to say. Twenty years ago, he published *The Recognitions*, a major postwar American novel that is still largely unknown and unappreciated. In nearly 1,000 pages, the then 33-year-old author took on the godless 20th century. Through his hero, a man who turned from the priesthood to become an artist and then an expert forger of old Flemish masters, Gaddis spun the platonic metaphysics of reality and imitation into exciting fiction. His message to an age obsessed with the vanity of creativity was actually a disturbing reminder: art is not invention but the recognition of eternal patterns.

**Picnic Forks.** In *JR*, the patterns are again discernible, this time in a world where means have few ends—only the creation of more means; where the techniques of doing things have become more important than the things themselves; where language is debased in the service of such perversions. The book generates a cacophony of banalities and corruptions that drown out love, art, and whatever other human activities can be heard struggling beneath the din. At such moments, *JR* seems derivative of Thomas Pynchon's *V* and *Gravity's Rainbow*. But it is more likely that Pynchon was influenced by Gaddis' earlier *Recognitions*.

*JR* can be excessive. A hospitalized businessman expounds on capital accumulation while receiving an enema. Gaddis' prose occasionally shows strain: "Her brassiere strap hung errant and anomalous." But these lapses are overwhelmed by the novel's bitterly comic vision: a world in which an eleven-year-old boy known as "JR" parlays a bid to supply the Army with 9,000 gross of wooden picnic forks into a multinational conglomerate. Barely literate, he works out of a telephone booth and gets his leads by subscribing to dozens of commercial magazines and catalogues.

*JR* is that most mysterious and nimble of all entrepreneurs—the middleman. The forks he sold to the Army were actually purchased from Navy surplus

As he explains: "I got it right out of that spot bid catalogue I traded off you to send in for where the Navy got all these new plastic ones so they like spot bid these here wooden surplus ones real cheap for anybody that wants."

From wooden forks, his business metastasizes wildly through the acquisition of bankrupt companies. By making salvaged assets jump through tax loopholes, the juvenile tycoon gains control of a brewery, a film studio, an untold quantity of frozen pork bellies, an entire New England mill town, a factory that manufactures player-piano rolls and condoms, and much more.

*JR* rises on the failed and the obsolete. His employees include a blocked novelist, a composer of baroque music and a professor of dead languages. All are embittered by a society that ignores or trivializes their art. The story of Mo-



NOVELIST WILLIAM GADDIS

Does a fish talk about water?

zart's life is turned into an inane fairy tale for a film strip. The novelist—who might well be echoing Author Gaddis' own disenchantment about the fate of *The Recognitions*—notes that his last royalty check was for \$53.52. For the lover of ancient languages, there is an "educator" saying, "In terms of the ongoing situation to tangibilize the utilization potential of this one to one instructional medium in such a meaningful learning experience that these kids won't forget it for a hell of a long time."

*JR* does not follow normal lines of plot or characterization. It is not always easy to tell who is saying what to whom—or why. At times the experience is like sitting in a cheaply constructed apartment and hearing snatches of neighbors' conversations or the eruptions from their TV sets. The form of the book constantly threatens to become the very chaos it is criticizing. But it holds. If *JR*

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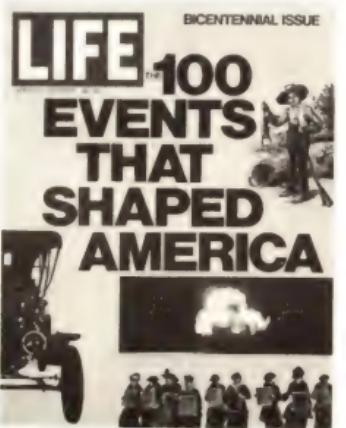
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## BOOKS

were simply a literal send-up of Horatio Alger stories. Gaddis' ironies would be heavy and obvious. But his conception is pure and highly original. The dung-beetle logic of the young JR, the rationalizations of the go-getters and the stifled rage of the gotten echo long after the last line of this profoundly indignant novel.

R.Z. Sheppard

"I've been posthumous for 20 years," says William Gaddis. At 52, he sits uneasily on the edge of a delayed resurrection. It is not a bad place to be. Still, Gaddis agrees with Wyatt Gwyion, the hero of *The Recognitions*, who demanded, "What's an artist, but the dregs of his work? The human shambles that follows it around."

As the author of one of America's authentic and enduring cult novels, Gaddis still receives midnight phone calls from devotees attempting to pin down unintended literary allusions. Salinger-esque rumors have grown up around this publicity-shy man. According to one, he was so disappointed about *The Recognitions* that he bought up all the copies and burned them. Another ludicrously casts him as a floorwalker at Bloomingdale's.

Part of the truth about the early novel is pathetically simple: with classic mistiming, Gaddis' publishers (Harcourt, Brace) changed management, and the momentum so necessary at a book's coming out was broken.

**Restless Group.** A new paperback edition of *The Recognitions* was published last year by Avon (\$2.95), but as Gaddis notes, "For some strange reason, my royalties for the book have always been about \$100 a year." During those years he has earned his living as a freelance, writing speeches for top corporate executives, scripts for industrial films, public relations for a drug company. He maintains his headquarters in a small Victorian house overlooking the Hudson River in a village north of New York City. Gaddis has two grown children from a previous marriage.

He was born in New York City in 1922, schooled in Connecticut and Long Island. At Harvard he earned a reputation as a humorist when, in 1944, he edited the *Lampoon*. A small, wiry man with graying hair, Gaddis still prefers the old collegiate look of Shetland sweaters and buck shoes.

He left college without a degree to work as a checker at *The New Yorker*. After the war, the young writer joined that restless group of expatriates who traveled to Mexico, Paris and Spain in search of experience and inexpensive living. Gaddis' varied background has served his fiction well, especially in *JR*. At present he is working on a western screenplay. "Every American writer," he insists, "has a western in him somewhere." But in a world that offers so many choices and distractions, the big problem, as Gaddis sees it, is "to decide what is worth doing."

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THE TRAVELERS

# How to talk tobacco fluently.

Tobacco has a language all its own. In many ways it's similar to the language of wine. Words like "body," "blending" and "aging" are common to both. The better you know the language of tobacco, the more you can enjoy it. So we of Amphora have compiled a glossary of terms to help you talk the language of pipe tobacco fluently.

**Aging:** 1) The process of fermenting, or "sweating," of leaf tobacco; 2) storing tobacco in casks for a year or longer to allow the tobacco to mellow.

**Blending:** The art of combining various types of tobaccos to provide a prescribed balance of taste, aroma, body, mildness and flavor.

**Body:** A means of describing the amount of effect a type of tobacco has on the palate of the smoker. A good tobacco must have body, whether it be strong, medium or light.

**Burley:** A slow burning, full bodied, air-cured tobacco that helps to add smoothness to a tobacco blend. Burley is grown in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico, Brazil and Italy.

**Cavendish:** The unique process that uses time, temperature and pressure to provide a milder, more flavorful smoke. (e.g., Amphora)

**Curing:** The method by which moisture is extracted from recently-harvested leaves. Each tobacco is particularly suited to one best method of curing, be it sun, air, flue, or fire, depending on the individual tobacco strain.

**Dottle:** Often erroneously confused with "heel," dottle is the unconsumed tobacco that occasionally remains caked in the bowl of a pipe.

**Fermentation:** The aging process that removes the chemical factors which contribute to "bite" and unpleasant tastes in tobaccos, but which allows the desirable characteristics of each tobacco to develop.

**Hogshead:** A large wooden cask in which tobacco is sold and stored in warehouses for the purpose of natural aging.



**Oriental Tobaccos:** Slightly spicy taste and hardy aroma. The tobaccos are grown in areas surrounding Mediterranean, Black and Aegean Seas.

**Perique:** A tobacco grown only in St. James Parish of Louisiana. Prized because of its smooth unique taste. Unfortunately, not much Perique is grown each year.

## NOW SOME PIPE WORDS.

**Bent:** A pipe with a pronounced curve in the stem and with the shank rising at an acute angle from the rounded bowl.

**Briar:** The burl part of the white heather plant root grown in and around the Mediterranean area. It is the porous wood from which briar pipes are made.

**Calabash:** Carved from a large gourd, with meerschaum or clay bowl added, Calabash pipes are light in weight and are noted for their extremely graceful form.

**Calumet:** The original peace pipe of the American Plains Indians. Bowls were usually made of clay. The wooden stems were often decorated with feathers and beads.

**Churchwarden:** A truly proud name in pipes, the long-stemmed Churchwarden traces its ancestry to the long-clay pipes popular in England during the 1600's.

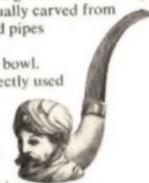
**Ferrule:** The band around a pipe shank primarily to maintain structural support.

**Freehand:** Briar pipes that are designed and hand shaped by master pipe craftsmen. Usually carved from the best briar, no two freehand pipes are identical.

**Heel:** The interior base of a pipe bowl.

Occasionally, "heel" is incorrectly used to describe dottle in a pipe.

**Meerschaum:** A German word meaning "sea foam." A soft, porous material derived from sea fossils. Used for making beautiful, often hand carved pipes.



**Meerschaum:** A German word meaning "sea foam." A soft, porous material derived from sea fossils. Used for making beautiful, often hand carved pipes.

**Shank:** That portion of the pipe that connects the bowl and the stem. More often than not, the pipe head comprises the bowl and shank as one piece.

**Straight Grain:** The root grains run vertically along the bowl of pipe. A very desirable and rare briar pipe.

**Stummel:** A German word that defines the bowl and shank of a wooden pipe. In French, the term is "ébauchon."

**Wellington:** The name of a pipe with a round bowl and a curved, diamond-shaped stem.

## YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR TOBACCO VOCABULARY BY SMOKING, NOT READING.

You can't learn the true meaning of tobacco from a vocabulary list.



That's just putting words in your mouth.

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Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a *free* copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. 3, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.

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But if the waves get wild,  
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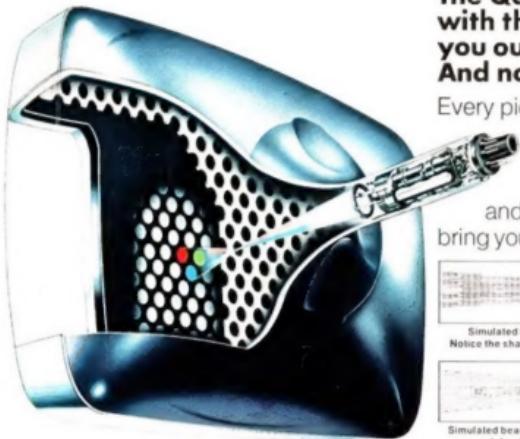


"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on."



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